

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

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Spain Marauding.

TAKE her all in all, Spain is, probably, the most despicable power on the face of the earth. Bankrupt and discredited, she has, nevertheless, been able, through the mistaken forbearance of the United States, to prolong an existence neither useful to herself or creditable to the world. Too feeble for good, even had she the intent to do good, with a sovereign as notorious for her immorality as Catherine of Russia, or the veriest bawd in the House of Correction, deriving her principal revenues from the continuance of a traffic in slaves, which she is bound by treaty to suppress; as facile to break an oath, as ready to repudiate an obligation—this wrinkled, toothless, effete, and debauched power has, nevertheless, the impudence to prate of her honor, and to parade a number of war ships, for which she has not paid, in Pacific waters, in vindication of her pretended dignity! Her career of insulting arrogance and mercenary ambition in that quarter has, however, received a rather sudden check. She has embroiled herself in a war with Chili, the result of which is foreshadowed by that of her attempt on the independence of Santo Domingo—an attempt which was not merely a failure, but a deep humiliation and black disgrace.

We say that she has embroiled herself in a war with Chili, the most advanced, industrious, enterprising, orderly, and reliable of the Spanish-American States; one, also, which is specially attached to our country, and which has singular claims on our regard and sympathy. As the events of our great war overshadowed all others occurring in other parts of the world during its continuance, it cannot be expected that our people should remember those that have taken place in the Pacific, and led to this rupture between Spain and Chili. We will make a rapid recurrence to them.

At the height of the insurrection, when all Europe, and especially its monarchs, thought



PREPARING THE PRISONER FOR EXECUTION—PUTTING ON THE BLACK ROBE.

the disruption of the Union inevitable, was formed an unholy alliance, under the auspices of the French Emperor, directed against the Republican principles and free institutions in America. England undertook the part, far less

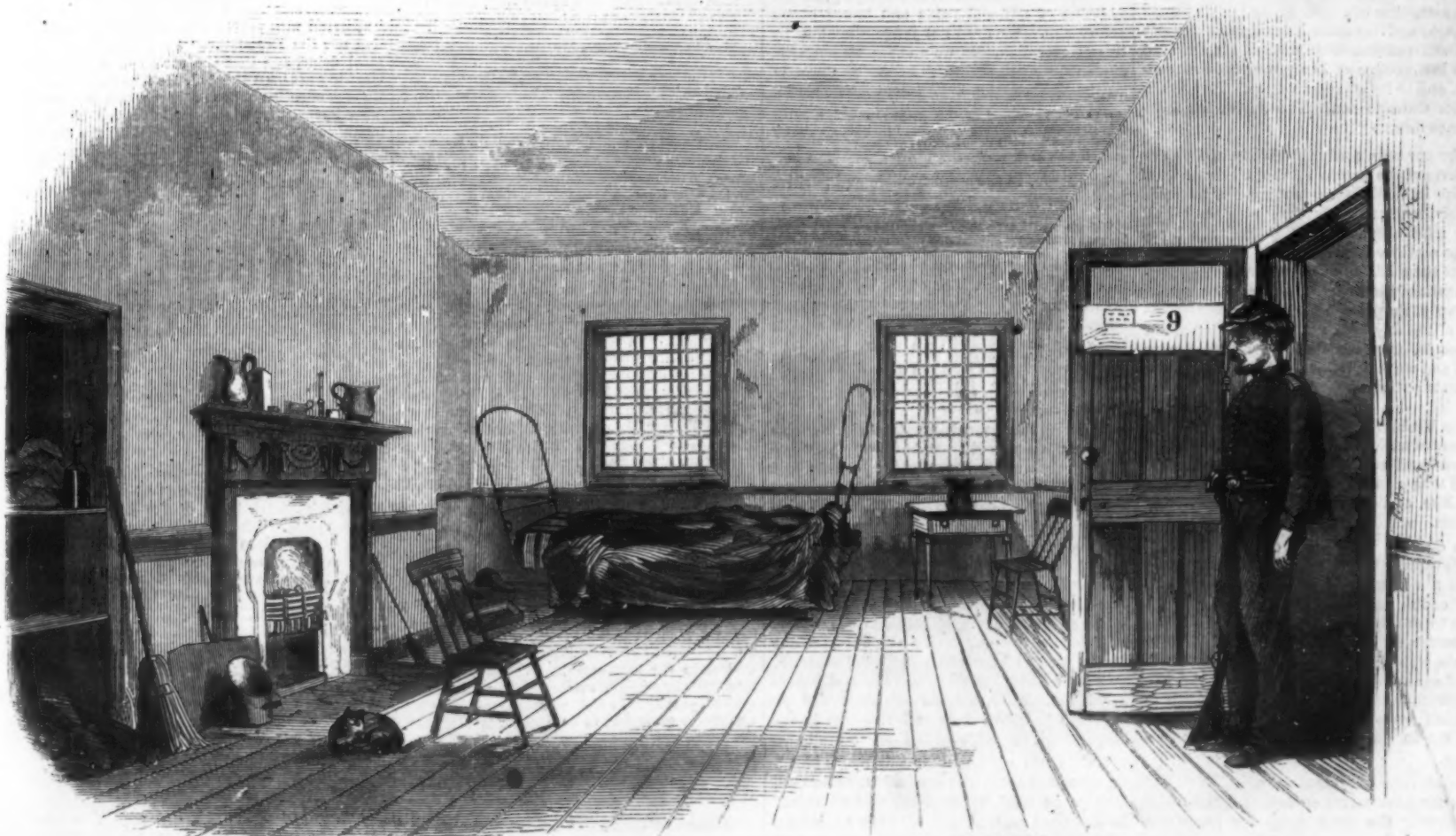
easy than she imagined, of securing the division and consequent paralyzation of the power of the United States. How faithfully she worked in her allotted part, we all know but too well. France undertook to suffocate Republicanism

in Mexico and Central America, and Spain, with the aid of renegades, the re-establishment of her dominion over the States once her colonies. In pursuance of her role she attempted the occupation of the little republic of Santo Domingo, and, with the aid of France, sent out a fleet to pick a quarrel with Peru, the richest, probably, but most vulnerable of the South-American republics. Here, on pretexts only to be paralleled, for shallowness and impudence, by those of the wolf *versus* the lamb in the fable, this fleet seized on the great guano islands, valued at a thousand millions of dollars for their deposits, and endeavored to appropriate them for the replenishing of the empty and dusty exchequer of Spain.

A seizure so wanton and unjustifiable, naturally roused great excitement among the neighbors of Peru, and Chili, sympathizing with her, accepted the act of war as sufficient evidence of belligerency, and refused the sale of coal to the Spanish fleet from the government mines. There were also many popular demonstrations of sympathy with Peru among the people of Chili, but only such as it was the right of a free people to make. The representatives of an offensive nation must expect groans instead of cheers from the populace, and criticisms instead of plaudits from a free press.

The question between Spain and Peru, after remaining an open one for a year, was finally settled by an agreement on the part of the President of the latter country, supposed to have been, from the start, in complicity with Spain, to pay \$4,000,000 to defray the cost of the Spanish aggression, and leaving all other questions in abeyance. This surrender of the rights and honor of Peru led to a revolution in the country, now nearly successful.

Spain having succeeded so easily in bullying Peru out of a round sum, sufficient to keep up her faded grandeur for some months longer, next turned her attention to Chili, taking, as



INTERIOR OF WIRE'S ROOM JUST AS HE LEFT IT.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, F. H. SCHELL.

a pretext for offence, the action of the latter during the Peruvian imbroglio. The matter, however, was easily adjusted, and in a manner compromising the dignity of neither party, through the Spanish Chargé d'Affaires, Señor Tavera. Everybody supposed the whole difficulty, in its real, as well as pretended features, was finally disposed of.

But the Spanish Government, flushed, perhaps, with its easy success in Peru, and eager for more plunder, refused to sanction the adjustment made by its own agent, and sent out instructions to its admiral (Pareja), to re-open the whole affair, which he did on the 17th of September, in an insulting and peremptory note, ending with a threat, that unless his ultimatum, fired without previous negotiations or consultation, was unconditionally accepted, he should resort to forcible measures.

The Government of Chili, consulting its own dignity and honor, refused to act in any way under an uplifted lash, and insisted that the causes of grievance, if any, should be at first stated, and redress asked for, in the manner prescribed among civilized nations. No greater insult is possible than that of making a reclamation, coupled with a threat. To this proper conduct of Chili, the bombastic admiral responded by declaring a blockade of the ports of Chili, giving ten days for neutral vessels to get away. If he supposed that thereby he would frighten the Chilenos, he was mistaken, for they responded to his proclamation by a declaration of war.

As Pareja has only seven lumbering vessels of war, his declaration of the blockade of 2,000 miles of coast, and some twenty odd ports, comes under the designation of "paper blockade," which no one is bound to respect. Chili has retaliated by opening all her ports, and declaring them free, so that foreign vessels may enter, and enter their cargoes without payment of port or custom dues. She has, or speedily will issue letters of marque and reprisal, and Spain may expect soon to witness the sea-hawks hovering in front of her peninsular ports. Chili has also authorized a loan of twenty millions, which, as her solvency is undoubted, can readily be raised. Her people are contributing their means with alacrity; the archbishop has suspended all Spanish priests; parties are forgotten, and an enthusiasm and unity prevails among the people, only equalled by that which pervaded the North on arrival of the news of the bombardment of Fort Sumter. The diplomatic corps, under the lead of our minister, Mr. Nelson, whom our Government is under every obligation to sustain, has taken high and strong ground against the unprecedented and unwarranted action of the Spaniards. The foreign residents in the country seem equally unanimous.

It is presumable that the issue between Spain and Chili will take wider dimensions. The revolutionary party in Peru, which owes its very existence to the fact that the Government of the country did not do precisely what that of Chili has now done, is bound to support the Chilian cause. In fact this new issue seems likely to lead to a cessation of hostilities in Peru, and a consolidation of all parties for the assistance of Chili. Spain has presumed too much, and involved herself in a struggle which will not terminate until she is stripped of the last vestige of her power on this continent, and in its adjacent waters. Now is the time for Cuba to act. The day of her independence dawns.

As for our own conduct? When the representatives of the people of the United States assemble in Washington next month, we shall, probably, learn whether the principle of all others most cherished in the American heart shall be sacrificed to the views which dotage takes of the needs of a diplomatic system, itself only a relic of the middle ages, and beneath the contempt of the practical sense and clear intelligence of the day. The President is a man of the people, whose heart beats responsive to theirs, and we look to him and to Congress for such an assertion of the doctrine that bears the venerated name of Monroe, as shall send the Rip Van Winkles of politics, and the bleary-eyed followers of antiquated systems of policy to the congenial and cob-webbed retreats where they should long ago have found refuge for their infirmities, and immunity from 19th century criticism.

The duty of the United States as regards Chili is plain. We cannot, in the first place, permit the establishment of "paper blockades," or the sacrifice of our commercial interests to enable Spain to extort a few paltry millions for its depleted treasury. On higher grounds, we ought not to permit a sister republic, and one above all others most deserving our consideration and support, to be annoyed or oppressed by a nation not only foreign, but a bankrupt in character, and a pauper in resources.

Spanish commerce does not offer the richest prizes for privateering enterprise. But it will do, pending the opportunity for something better!

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All Communications, Books for Review, etc., must be addressed to FRANK LESLIE, 537 Pearl street, New York.

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The Leading Traitor.

Now that the majesty of the law has been vindicated in the execution of Henri Wirz, and sensation-mongers are shown that all their false premises and theories have no effect on the head of the nation, it is time for us to turn from the dead to the living—from Wirz to his aiders and abettors.

There has, of late, through all the States just emerging from rebellion, been a movement to influence President Johnson in favor of the prime mover of all our troubles, and to bring about a pardon without trial. The consummation of such an idea is simply absurd, and the means used to facilitate it worthy the sources whence they originated. The principal of these means is the petition, a petition signed by thousands of the fair and delicate fingers of Southern ladies, perhaps many of them still enclashed with the gay trinkets sent home by adoring lovers and husbands, from the prison dens of Andersonville or Belle Isle, and which were ornaments of the physical structure of what they elegantly termed "hated Yankees."

In entering any protest against these petitions, we do not for one instant suppose that they will have any effect on President Johnson. He knows exactly the value of such scrip, and exactly the source from whence it emanates. Andrew Johnson has taken no pains to conceal his opinions on the subject of treason, or the punishment due it. The man who could speak these words:

"I am in favor of leniency; but, in my opinion, evil-doers should be punished. Treason is the highest crime known in the catalogue of crimes, and for him that is guilty of it—for him that is willing to lift his impious hand against the authority of the nation—I would say that death is too easy a punishment. My notion is, that treason must be made odious, and traitors must be punished and impoverished, their social power broken, and they made to feel the penalty of their crime. Hence, I say this, 'The halberd to intelligent, influential traitors!'"

This he said, at a public meeting on the 3d of last April, in Washington city, and he is not the man to give way to mawkish sensibility, when a question of national pride and honor comes before him. We need not judge him alone by this asseveration. If we go over his speeches and acts, we will find them breathing the same sentiment throughout. At one time he says:

"At the beginning of this great struggle, I entertained the same opinion of it that I do now, and in my place in the Senate I denounced it as treason worthy the punishment of death."

And again, in the same forcible and positive language:

"If we would save the Government we must bring traitors to the punishment due their crime."

These were speeches made before his elevation to his present high office, but they only breathe his unaltered sentiment of the present hour. Since that elevation he has spoken these words:

"The only assurance I can now give of the future is by reference to the past. The course which I have taken in the past, in connection with this rebellion, must be regarded as a guarantee of the future."

And with these words unretreated, it seems strange if we cannot trust Andrew Johnson to perform the work he has set out to perform, and not cast the suspicion upon him that he believes his Government not sufficiently strong to punish a traitor, but must pardon Davis, because a few whining editors on both sides of the Atlantic cry out in alarm, or because a few women who have passed a life of tender consciences as to their own agency in his unhappy position, send petitions for his pardon. If petitions are wanted to influence the matter, let signatures to one can be produced from the women of the North, who have lost brothers, husbands and fathers in this fearful war, for the punishment of the man who has been first and foremost in the bloody work that consigned them to death.

We do not cry aloud for this man's blood, we are not of those who say let him be hanged, trial or no trial, but we held that we should be disgraced as a people, for ever, should the executive yield to the pressure that is now

being brought to bear upon him, and enlarge this leading traitor on parole or without trial.

THERE is a new book, by Mr. Raymond, of the *Times*, entitled "History of the Administration of President Lincoln, etc.," in which are related some new anecdotes of our late President. Among them the following:

"About a week after the Chicago Convention, a gentleman from New York called on the President, in company with the Assistant Secretary of War, Dana. In the course of conversation, the gentleman said: 'What do you think, Mr. President, is the reason Gen. McClellan does not reply to the letter from the Chicago Convention?' 'Oh!' replied Mr. Lincoln, with a characteristic twinkle of the eye, 'he is intromitting!'"

Another:

"A deputation from the temperance bodies in the New England States waited upon him at the White House to obtain from him leave to send temperance lecturers into the camps, with the same rights and powers as the regimental chaplains. As a lecturer, and personally in favor of the Maine Liquor Law, his friends were chiefly of that way of thinking; and the deputation supposed they would have an easy task of it, although well aware that Grant, the Commander-in-Chief, was hostile to their plans. So they set out their facts in strong colors, as the manner is with all sectarians, asserting that the armies were demoralized with drink, and that most of the officers were drunkards. Among other facts which they had learnt, to the discredit of the army was, that Gen. Grant was fond of whisky, and that he had a regular supply of that fiery spirit furnished to headquarters. When they had finished their tale, the President, brightening into twinkles, said: 'Well, gentlemen, and did you ascertain where Gen. Grant buys his whisky?' 'No, sir,' replied the orator, 'we did not try to learn.' 'Ah!' said the President, 'that is a pity! The information might have been useful to me, as I should like to have sent some of the same whisky to every General in the service.'"

Once more:

"Judge Baldwin, of California, being in Washington, called one day on Gen. Halleck, and, presuming upon a familiar acquaintance in California a few years since, solicited a pass outside of our lines to see a brother in Virginia, not thinking that he would meet with a refusal, as both his brother and himself were good Union men. 'We have been deceived too often,' said Gen. Halleck, 'and I regret I can't grant it.' Judge B. then went to Stanton, and was very briefly disposed of, with the same result. Finally, he obtained an interview with Mr. Lincoln, and stated his case. 'Have you applied to Gen. Halleck?' inquired the President. 'Yes, and met with a flat refusal,' said Judge B. 'Then you must see Stanton,' continued the President. 'I have, and with the same result,' was the reply. 'Well, then,' said Mr. Lincoln, with a smile, 'I can do nothing; for you must know that I have very little influence with the Administration.'"

THE great cemetery at Andersonville, wherein lie buried the Union soldiers, the victims of Winder, Wirz, and Jeff Davis, has been enclosed, laid out and planted at the expense of the nation. A correspondent of the *Times* describes the cemetery:

"It is a square, containing 47 acres. Entering the south gate, next the stockade, a broad carriage-way leads directly northward through the centre of the grounds, on either side of which are very many long rows of head-boards denoting the trenches where our dead are buried. A neatly graded pathway, at the foot of the enclosed soldiers, runs the full length (several hundred feet) of each of these trenches, where the name, painted on each board, can be easily read by the passing visitor. These two solid, close-columned divisions of dead soldiery extend nearly to the flagstaff, which is in the centre of the grounds. A little to the right, are buried six men—I cannot call them soldiers—who were hung by our soldier-prisoners for murdering and robbing their comrades. The third and largest division of graves is located in the northeast corner, occupying several acres. The last head-board bears the number 12,548. Add to this 64 prisoners who died of small-pox, buried in another inclosure, the six criminals who were hung, and one negro soldier, and the total mortality of which we have any record among the soldiers of the Union is 12,919. Including 114 rebels buried here, the grand total is 13,033. On a little white-painted board at the left of the main south entrance, appears the following inscription:

"On fame's eternal camping ground,
Their silent tents are spread;
And glory guards with solemn round
The bivouac of the dead."

"Further along the wide carriage-way, towards the centre, on the right, we read:

"Whether in the prison drear,
Or in the battle's van,
The fittest place for man to die,
Is where he dies for man."

"And on the left:

"The hopes, the fears, the blood, the tears,
That marked the battle's strife,
Are now all crowned by victory,
That saved the nation's life."

"Close to the flagstaff, from which floats the starry banner, at the central terminus of this broad carriage-way, is another inscription, running thus:

"A thousand battle-fields have drank
The blood of warriors brave,
And countless homes are dark and drear
Till the land they died to save."

WHEN Lord Alvanley fought a duel with Morgan O'Connell, several shots were exchanged, after which the seconds interfered, and stopped the proceedings. "O'Connell must be a very clumsy fellow," said Alvanley, on his way home, "or he never would have missed such a fat fellow as I am. He ought to practice at a haystack to get his hand in." He gave the hackney coachman a sovereign. "It's a great deal for only having taken your lordship to Wimbledon," said the coachman. "My good man," said Alvanley, "I give it to you not for taking me, but for bringing me back."

On the matter of ventilation, Dr. Angus Smith, in a communication to the recent Social Science Congress, in England, presented a series of interesting facts, showing the differences in ventilated and unventilated places. Observations have shown that the carbonic acid of pure places is from 300 to 340 in a million; that in towns which seem very much polluted by smoke it rises only to 400 as an average in the best streets, although in places manifestly impure the average obtained is 774. In workshops it rises to 3,000 or more, and in mines sometimes to 20,000, or even more, in a million. Dr. Smith believed that we can bear in cold weather an inferior ventilation. Many who insisted on pure air forgot this, although instinctively they act on it when not misled.

CHAMBERS of Commerce are not usually paragons of wisdom, but they are not necessarily

"muffs" beyond redemption. They have often a notion, probably erroneous, that they lubricate the wheels of creation, and, in some instances, they have been known to talk common sense during what the doctors might call "interludes." The Chamber of Commerce of New York has lately had what the lamented sage of Brooklyn Heights would have called a "rational term," and adopted resolutions applauding the speech of the Secretary of the Treasury at Fort Wayne, as well as approving of his recent action in funding \$50,000,000 of legal tender notes, thus giving the assurance of his determination to exert his influence and authority in favor of an early return to specie payments. The Chamber also extends its protest against every appeal that may be made to Congress, at the approaching session, to increase the issue of the National Bank currency beyond the \$300,000,000 authorized, or the issue of a single dollar more of paper money in any form.

THE design for the proposed monument to Shakespeare in Stratford-on-Avon is illustrated in a London journal. It is a very fine conception, and in splendid proportion and finish. The column will be one hundred feet in height, and thirty-six feet broad at the bottom of the steps. It will be ornamented through all its stages with Shakespearian figures. The upper tier of statues is shown upon the third stage, which, with those below and the crowning group at the top, St. George of England alighting the dragon, number between thirty and forty.

It has been ascertained that during the entire war the navy has lost only fourteen hundred and six men in killed, and sixteen hundred and thirty-eight in wounded, out of the seventy-five thousand sailors and marines who have been on the rolls. This is inclusive of all losses in the grand battles on the Mississippi, at Charleston, Mobile and Fort Fisher, and elsewhere. The whole expense of the navy since the beginning of the war, including the construction and equipment of all its vessels and their maintenance, has been less than \$230,000,000, or only about seven and a half per cent. of the national debt. We have constructed since 1861 two hundred and ten vessels of war, all of which are of the most improved models, and contain all the appliances of modern offensive and defensive warfare.

EVERY day gives confirmation of the purpose of the President to insist on the conditions indicated by us last week, as precedent and essential to the restoration of the late rebellious States. He was waited on, a few days ago, by a delegation from the North Carolina State Convention, who laid before him a copy of the new Constitution of that State, and expressed the hope that Congress would not insist on the representatives elect for North Carolina taking the "test oath." The President responded briefly, telling the delegates that "something remained to be done" to enable the State to resume her relations with the Union, and added that the adoption of the constitutional amendment abolishing slavery throughout the United States, was "practically important" to that end. He further told them that his action as regards the returning States must "depend on events," and that he had determined to continue Mr. Holden as Provisional Governor, pending the development of these events. In other words, notwithstanding North Carolina has elected a Legislature and Governor, she will be kept under the military authority until she has qualified herself by a complete acceptance of the results of the war, for resuming her old associations. As regards South Carolina, the President has directed Provisional Governor Perry to continue the discharge of his functions, and has advised him that he has "observed with regret that neither the convention nor the Legislature" have repudiated the rebel debts, and that the constitutional amendment has not been adopted. He tells the governor that the adoption of the latter measure is "peculiarly important, and especially desirable." The inference is, therefore, strong, that all the Confederate States must accept fully the decision of the war. The prospects of their rehabilitation are by no means as roseate as they were in August.

A GROSS problem published by the Philadelphia Fair paper is the most complicated in the records of the game. The proposition is, "White to move, and compel Black to mate in eighteen moves." But it is not so difficult as the problem that certain parties are trying to solve down South—White to move, and prevent Black's moving at all!

It is a pity that the secretary who writes Queen Victoria's letters should do so little credit to his royal mistress. Nothing could be clumsier than the Queen's assurance to Lady Palmerston "of her heart-felt and deep sympathy with her under this deep trial."

A GLEAM of truth occasionally breaks past the dense, obstructive body of the censor of the Parisian press. "The harp of a thousand strings," on which Napoleon plays with so much effect, occasionally rings a discordant note. Only occasionally. Thus the *Paris Presse*, of October 18th indulges in something like rational and independent comment, as follows. We are not yet informed if it has received "a warning."

"It must be acknowledged that the two great powers of Europe, France and England, desire the success of secession. France morally, and England materially, assisted the southern states in their efforts to achieve independence. The *Moniteur*, and all the journals devoted to the policy of the French government, dissembled neither their sympathy nor their enthusiasm for the confederates. England went further, since she allowed vessels of war—whose destination was no secret—to be constructed in her own yards; she allowed, in the most open manner, a loan of 500,000,000 francs to be raised, and officially quoted as the cotton loan on the stock exchanges of London and Liverpool. She furnished to an enormous amount arms, ammunition, and other articles contraband of war, by means of blockade runners, which were built at Birkenhead."

Glasgow, and Greenock, and which were sure to enter the confederate ports, in spite of the American cruisers, which had to watch some four thousand miles of coast.

"This is a singular kind of neutrality, and resembles very much those hard-working fellows who carry on business with the penal code in their hands, following the law as closely as possible without infringing it."

The Turkish finances are in such a despairing condition, that the Government has mooted the project of appropriating the extensive property of the mosques—a proceeding which would create much excitement among the fanatical Turks, whose name is legion. The "sick man" grows sicker and sicker.

A most cruel law has just been published in the so-called "Empire of Mexico," making it death to have any connection or communication with the Liberals, and obliging all to give information against them.

A PETITION is in circulation in Boston, urging Mr. Seward not to press our claims on Great Britain for compensation for damages inflicted on our commerce by the Anglo-rebel Alabamas, Shenandoahs, etc., on the ground that while the admission of the principle we contend for would only give us a few hundred millions, the acceptance of the British view would enable us to reimburse ourselves two or three times over, whenever England should become involved in war. The petition does not run on the ground of morality but of interest, and in this sense is all right.

TOWN COSSIP.

LAST week we talked about cholera, and though that is still the all-absorbing topic, we will endeavor to speak of something a little pleasant.

The only question is, what shall that pleasant be? for it is a most melancholy fact that "there's nothing stirring but stagnation" just now. There is absolutely nothing of a sensational import in New York. The musicians have come down or been put down, the Fenians are quiet, the Mexican loan is being negotiated, and all is going smooth and easy.

We do not know but the highest local sensation just now, is Monsieur Biot's Cooking School at 840 Broadway. There the professor is endeavoring to teach the young elite, not to shoot, but to cook. The school is actually open, and numbers several hundreds in its class. These the professor gathers to an intellectual and epicurean feast, not only teaching them in the blandest and most practical way how to do it, but when they have done it, allowing them to eat it up.

In his fifth lecture to his advanced class, the bill of fare laid down was as follows:

Potage jardinière.
Striped bass à la Colbert.
Beef (boiled) Hollandaise.
Pigeons in compote.
Cauliflowers fried.
Celery stewed.
Petites bouches à la crème.

A dinner for a lord, provided he is a hungry one.

The professor, with the aid of certain of his scholars, now goes to work, and before his class, takes the raw material and from it prepares each dish and cooks it, discoursing sweet culinary music all the time. The dinner is laid out for a certain hour, three o'clock. The lecture begins at one precisely, and the preparation of the first dish with the lecture, which is the *potage jardinière*. The lecture finishes at three minutes before three, and the dinner is on the table at three o'clock.

There is a great deal of good to grow out of this school, if it is properly conducted. No one will deny that it is wanted, and the want is freely acknowledged by the ladies of New York, who not only attend in such numbers themselves, but send their servants that they may partake by M. Biot's instruction.

Last week we had something to say about the strike of musicians, this week there has been another theatrical strike—or something approaching it—among the ladies of the profession. The ballet girls have met in serious convulsion, and concluded—and a wise conclusion it is—that they are under-paid, and must have more. They met in a hotel on the Bowery, the parlor of which was given up for their use by the kind-hearted proprietor. There were several speeches made, and the general statement was, that the girls of the Broadway theatres get \$6, and those of the Bowery \$5, out of which they have to find dresses, and that it is totally impossible for them to live on it.

One lady, in her address, said, "We are subject to the meers and insults of every sort that comes to the theatre, and even in the streets, we are recognized and hooted after, under the name of 'supers.' It is true our business is humble, but still we are necessary to managers, and, with the present high prices for board, and, in fact for everything, it is impossible to live on the low salary we get. But, thank God! ballet girls as we are, we can preserve our self-respect, and refuse to submit to such gross injustice any longer."

Another lady said that she was not at that moment dependent on her profession for a home, as she had an aged mother who gave her that, but her mother's income ceased with her life, and then what would she do when the \$5 per week she now got, would do no more than keep her in dresses for the stage. She said:

"Sometimes I am compelled to get a new stage dress, and then, not only my own pitance goes, but I am compelled to get mother to assist. A few nights ago, I was cast in a small part, for one night only, and I was obliged to get a new dress which cost me \$10."

A third young lady said: "I am an orphan, and am obliged to subsist myself and a little sister on my earnings. I sometimes add to my \$5 per week, by a little needlework, but that I have to do most of on Sunday, for I am at rehearsal from 10 to 1 o'clock, every day."

This was the tenor of the speeches, after which, these resolutions were passed:

"Whereas—The members of every branch of industry, except ours, have demanded an increase of wages from their employers, and have received the same, and

"Whereas—The high prices of provisions, render it impossible for a young girl to support herself, even with the most rigid economy, and

"Whereas—By the recent strikes of the musicians, some of the managers have saved about one hundred dollars a week, be it therefore

"Resolved—That a petition be drawn up and signed by the president and secretary of this meeting, respectfully asking an increase of our salaries of at least 50 per cent, which will make Broadway prices \$9, and Bowery \$7.50 per week."

These resolutions having been adopted, the meeting was about to break up, when an invitation came from the generous proprietor of the hotel to supper, which was fully discussed, and a determination arrived at to hold another meeting when it was necessary.

Whether the managers have acceded to the very reasonable demand we have not heard, but hope they have.

One of the pleasant little episodes of the week has been an agitation in high life, in consequence of the unbecoming of a bogus count, and the banding of him over to the police.

He called himself Count Adolph Graf du Dohna-Schloden, and represented himself a member of the illustrious Dohna family, of Prussia.

He has been living for the past several months at the Everett House, and going into tip-top society, to which he represented himself as an exile from home on account of a family quarrel. He was always looking for remittances, and always on the borrow, by which he managed to keep up a style that was the envy of all the fast young men about town. His dinners and suppers were incomparable, and his successes with the fair sex the marvel of everybody. All was fish that came to his net, and when everything else failed, bounty-jumping came into play, and he replenished his pockets that way. At last the time came when the count was fairly stumped, and he undertook to raise money by a new method, which was by threatening the fair ones who had corresponded with him, and whose loving epistles he held, that, unless they came down with a certain amount in greenbacks, he would expose their letters, and lose of impropriety. This killed him, for, though he succeeded in some cases, one at last set him at defiance, and told her husband, who set detectives on his track. Mr. Count was finally arrested, and the whole of his history came out, which was that his real name happened to be Francis Stabenow, that he had robbed the real Count Dohna in Prussia, and fled to this country about a year ago, and has ever since been living by swindling.

Since the arrest the fashionable world has been all of a twitter, and many a fair lady is wondering what disposition has been made of the 200 letters that were taken from the bogus count.

How strange is life!

There is nothing especially new at the theatres. Brougham is having a most successful time at the Winter Garden, though he has been "Playing With Fire" all the time. At the end of this week he goes to Philadelphia, and other places, and we predict will be the theatrical sensation of the day.

Wallack has made a great success with the "Keeduff," having run it without interruption for a number of nights, and only withdrawn it to make off nights, so that city people may have a change.

We are very sorry to have to chronicle the death of Mr. John P. Cooke, so long and so well known as a leader of different orchestras, lately of the Broadway. Mr. Cooke was well known as a composer, having written the overture for "Sam," as now played at that house. Mr. Cooke was the arranger of Lover's song of "The Bould Boyer Boy." Mr. Lover, though a composer, not being able to arrange his own songs.

EPITOME OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.—Longfellow's house in Cambridge, once the headquarters of Washington, was built by a Tory, and was confiscated by the Legislature.

—A \$2,000 horse ran against a tree at Nashville and dashed its expensive brains out.

—They got into the way once of naming new blocks in Washington, Rows—as Minnesota Row, &c. They have started a new row there of late and call it Bureau.

—A Georgia journal says that many of the leading Methodist clergymen of that State, in consequence of their hostility to their Northern brethren, have made overtures to the Episcopalians for a union with them.

—The Dayton, Ohio, *Northwest*, says that a sweet potato was raised in that county upon which a family of 10 children subsisted for six weeks, and the peeling is now being used as a bed-quilt.

—The Boston *Transcript* says that there are two children, aged respectively seven-and-a-half and nine years, in jail in that city, whose offence was stealing grapes, and they were imprisoned because they were unable to pay the fine and costs.

—A young man in a Vermont village used fruit freely from a lady's garden all summer, against her wishes, and lately he received a large bill for it, which he paid, rather than figure in court.

—A piece of flannel shirt was taken from the lungs of a man in Portland, Maine, a short time since, where it had been driven by a bullet at the second battle of Bull Run.

—A New York correspondent of a Philadelphia paper says: "An 'Anti-Matrimonial Society' is about to be organized in this city by the gentlemen. Its object is to reduce the habits of extravagance now so prevalent among the ladies, and the members of the society pledge themselves not to marry until the ladies 'come down.'"

—A girl, 16 years of age, overcome with rage at being worsted in a wrangle with her sister, committed suicide in Lynchburg, Va., by swallowing opium.

—A man named Jameson, in Cincinnati, wishing to curtail household expenses, adopted a novel mode to effect his object. He kissed the servant girl one morning, when he knew Mrs. J. would see him. Result, discharged servant girl, and \$12 per month saved.

—A Buffalo burglar after working diligently for several hours, a few nights since, to gain entrance to a safe, which he finally effected by means of gunpowder, was rewarded for his labor by the discovery of two dollars and eighty cents, that being the entire amount the safe contained.

—A second sale of household furniture belonging to the late Mrs. Burratt, took place at the "Burratt House" in Washington, one day last week. A large number of persons improved the opportunity, thus offered, to visit the house rendered famous by its connection with the assassination of President Lincoln. Few actual purchasers, however, were present, and all the articles offered went at low rates.

—There was a lively time in the town of Madison, Iowa, on election day. A man named William Blue was shot in the abdomen, Jack Blue received a shot in the spine, a man by the name of Hale was knocked down, another man by the same name received five knife wounds and a shot in the back of the neck, and a man named Robinson was cut with a knife in the back.

—As much nitrate of soda as can be held between the thumb and finger, it is said, if thrown into a vase of water, will preserve flowers for the space of a fortnight. This may be an interesting fact for the ladies.

—The San Francisco *Courier* asserts that the Shenandoah, having need of supplies, equipped one of its prizes, put on board a picked crew, and sent it into the port of San Francisco. Here the ship was loaded with provisions, and, the various articles required by the ship's company, and, after obtaining a clearance for Victoria, sailed from San Francisco and safely rejoined her consort.

—There is a question, says the Boston *Transcript*, whether or not the pirate captain of the Shenandoah is aware of the collapse of the rebellion. It seems to us that, at any rate, he can have no clear idea of the state of things in the southern section of the country. If he did, he would abandon his present business, return to the South, be elected Governor of a reconstructed State, or member of Congress from one of the new districts. In case it was his fortune to be chosen to Congress, he has Provisional Governor Perry's assurance that it will be all right.

—The negroes in Richmond were much frightened by the recent eclipse of the sun. Some of them who had not been apprised of the performance, were seized with mortal terror when the orb of day grew dim, and dropped down on their knees and put up to heaven the sincerest prayers they have uttered since the evacuation. They believed the end of all things was at hand, and were listening for the "last trump."

—A Buffalo paper says of the Siamese Twins that, "Eug's base of operations is on the right, while Chang's is on the left. Eug is slightly taller than Chang, though there is nothing in his conversation or demeanor from which it could be inferred that he feels above the brother to whom he is so firmly attached. Chang is fifty-four years old; we did not inquire the age of Eug."

—An omnibus driver, accompanied by a nautical friend, the captain of a wood smack—started out on a spree, in Boston, on Monday night last, and becoming more or less "incoherent," insisted upon kissing all the pretty females they chanced to encounter. The affectionate couple were, however, arrested at the instigation of the indignant wife of a prominent merchant, and,

when taken before a justice, exonerated themselves from the charge of misdemeanor on the ground that they had duly taken out licenses for "bussing" and "smacking," and consequently were unable to discover in what manner they had offended the law.

—During the celebration of high mass at St. Peter's Church, in Philadelphia, on Sunday last, a violent panic was created by an individual who rushed violently into the church during service, screaming "fire! fire!" at the top of his voice, and throwing off his coat and hat, as if preparing to combat the flames. The congregation, as might be expected, rushed pell mell over the seats and through the doors, overturning the weak and young, several of whom were seriously injured. It was soon discovered that the alarm was false, and that the person who had thus unceremoniously invaded the sanctuary was crazy.

—Albert Starkweather, the wretch who recently murdered his mother and sister near Hartford, and who is now awaiting trial in the jail of that city, attempted to effect his escape therefrom on Saturday night last. His plan, as revealed to a fellow convict, was to feign sickness, then to call to the jailer, whom he was to kill with a stick taken from the bedstead. Robbing the dead man of his keys, he would then, under cover of the night, easily make his escape from the jail. His confidant, however, informed the jailer of the intended assassination, and Starkweather was removed to more secure quarters. This desperate character, ever since his confinement, has been constantly planning an escape, and on one occasion offered the estate of his mother, valued at \$12,000, to the jailer, if he would permit him to get out.

—Considerable excitement exists in the town of Danvers, Mass., consequent upon the discovery in their coal bins by a number of families, of several torpedoes. A Mrs. Lord discovered the first one, by its explosion in her range, which burst with terrific force. On examining the coal bin, more of the infernal machines were found, and this fact being communicated to the firm who furnished the coal, an examination of their stock was made, which resulted in their finding some half dozen more of them. In size and construction these instruments are identical, consisting of a tin box, made to imitate a lump of coal, containing a quantity of the best quality of powder, and in which are three percussion caps, bound on by a strip of lead almost an inch in width, and fastened to the bottom of the box. How they got into the coal is a mystery.

—Senator Howe, of Wisconsin, in a recent speech, affirmed that of the thirteen States made free by the war of the Revolution, Delaware and South Carolina alone excluded colored persons from the right of suffrage. Connecticut, he says, as late as 1818, gave suffrage to all who had been "admitted freedmen" up to that time. New Jersey gave it to "all inhabitants of the State of full age and worth fifty dollars." Virginia, in her famous Bill of Rights, adopted on the 12th of June, 1776—the day star of the great Declaration—affirmed that all men, having sufficient evidence of paramount common interest with an attachment to the community, have the right of suffrage. North Carolina extended suffrage to "freemen" possessed of a certain freehold estate; and Georgia did the same, without reference to the distinction of color.

—The death of the Hon. Jacob Collamer, United States Senator from Vermont, took place at his residence in Woodstock, November 8. Mr. Collamer was seventy-three years of age at the time of his death, having been born in Troy, N.Y., in 1792.

—George Arnold, a young man of favorable literary reputation, and well known in this city as a contributor to the current literature of the day, died Thursday, November 9th, after a short illness. Mr. Arnold was widely known as the writer of the amusing "McAra's" papers, and by various contributions to *Vanity Fair*, the *Leader*, and other journals.

Foreign.—The *Comic Cavour*, a Turin journal, confidently announces that the problem of perpetual motion has been solved by M. Loure Rizzo, a mechanic of Strasburg, who, the same journal asserts, has invented a machine which finds its motive force within itself without any external aid.

—Turkey has been startled by the rumor of a great innovation perpetrated by the Sultan. It is said that he is having his portrait painted by a French artist, M. Guillemet. Hitherto all representations of the human form have been deemed profane by the true Mahometans.

—In the year 1841, the quantity of tobacco consumed in Great Britain was such as to average 15½ ounces per head of population of the day. In the year 1861 it had risen to 1 pound ¼ ounce per head; in the year 1861, to 1 pound ¾ ounce; in the year 1863, to 1 pound ½ ounce.

—A subscription has been set on foot for the erection of a memorial to Sir Joshua Reynolds in his native town of Plympton, Devon, England. The contemplated form of the memorial is a stained-glass window in the church.

—A codfish caught off Falmouth Head, England, in being opened was found to contain in its stomach, a pair of spectacles with brass frames.

—A few days ago, a girl aged 14, residing at Delverand, near Osn, was cutting a slice of bread for her father, holding the loaf pressed against her chest, when the knife slipped through it, and penetrating her heart, caused instant death.

—The Davenport Brothers have brought an action against one of the Paris papers, which exposed their pretensions. This looks as if they had made more money during the last year than they had use for.

—The erection of a statue to Dr. Simpson, as discoverer of chloroform, is exciting some interest in foreign medical circles. The French doctors say that one M. Soubeiran is the original discoverer.

—A disease has made its appearance among the hares, rabbits, and other species of game in England, which is killing them off rapidly. What with the plague among beef and mutton, another epidemic among the hares, the rabbits running round with no hair on their backs, and the rising of the Fenians, John Bull is greatly worried.

—It is stated that Garibaldi recently caused two of his horses to be sold at the public market in Genoa. King Victor Emmanuel having learned what was going to occur, gave orders to purchase the two animals, which brought \$3,000, and then offered them as a present to the General. The latter, however, positively refused to receive them.

—The wife of John Barlow, in London, England, has a baby five weeks old which has two heads. The second head is attached to the first in such a manner that the least twist or sudden movement would cause immediate death. The poor mother is unable to lay it down without fear, and unable to dress it without the assistance of another person.

—It has been calculated that vendors of roasted chestnuts to the number of about 400 arrived in Paris from the south of France in the course of the month of September, and that each of them sells on an average 40 bags of chestnuts, weighing 100 kilograms each.

—A brutal sport has been revived in Paris, termed "cock throwing." A cock is attached to a cord, fixed to a stake driven in the ground. A heap of stones is placed at a short distance, and for two hours any one has a right to five throws at the unfortunate bird, which remains the prize of the marksman who kills it. In most cases the bird is tortured dreadfully before an end is put to its existence.

—A London paper publishes a description of a curious invention designed to catch safe burglars. The apparatus, no sooner commenced, in perfect ignorance of the secret arrangements, to force open the door, drill the lock or move the safe, than by so doing he sends a telegraph message to the nearest police office, exhibiting the number of the safe he is attacking, and this number, registered in the police books, has opposite to it the address of the house in which the robbery is being effected.

—A fearful giant in the shape of a barnyard fowl has been introduced into Scotland from Central India,

called the "Begum Ganyas." The male is 30 inches high, and appears like the Shanghai, except that on the head two minute horns rise, instead of a comb, from a heavy base which projects some distance along the upper side of the bill. The wattles are also larger, and fuller. The chickens of this kind of fowl, it is reported, grow to the weight of eight pounds at seven and eight months old, flocks of course included.

—The Dublin correspondent of the London *Times* says: "It is rather dangerous to use the word 'Fenian' in this country now. A short time ago, a gentleman jocosely told a policeman he looked like a Fenian, whereupon the gentleman was arrested and taken to the station-house."

—The Boy of Tunis is indefatigable in his duties. He judges causes every Saturday and Monday. One Saturday recently he decided in three hours no less than 150 cases, which at one time it would have taken years to settle.

THE EXECUTION OF WIRZ.

On Friday, the 10th instant, this notorious criminal, who has, without doubt, directly caused more loss of life than any man that ever lived, expiated his crimes on the scaffold in the yard of the Old Capitol Prison, Washington City. At ten o'clock his spiritual advisers, Fathers Wiggett and Boyle, administered the sacrament, after which Wirz was informed by Captain Walbridge that his time had arrived, and he submitted himself to the black robe and cowl, which was put on by Captain Walbridge and Major Russell, while Fathers Boyle and Wiggett stood by. He then drank from a tea cup a heavy dose of whisky; nervously gnawed a piece from a plug of tobacco, which he threw back on the shelf; cast a hurried glance around the apartment, out at the window where the sun shone on the town, turned, and with a light step, walked past the guard at his door into the hall, accompanied on either hand by his faithful spiritual advisers, who consoled with words and the sight of the crucifix. At a turn of the stairs he caught sight, through an open window, of the galleys and the expectant crowd. A momentary start or shrinking, as if from a shock, and he passed on, with that expression of countenance mistaken by many for a smile, but which, in reality, is far from it. Thus he came to the door of the room of Winder and Dupan—other Andersonville birds—and was suffered by the humane commandant to have a last word with them.

Wirz then passed on down the stairs, out between the files of men, facing outward, up to the scaffold, showing something in his face and step which, in a better man, might have passed for heroism.

As he advanced all conversation was hushed, and the sombre-draped figure marched on between the rows of soldiers, sending a chill through the hearts of all that looked upon the scene.

The condemned had been draped with the shapeless robe of serge which has figured in all the executions known to the walls of the Old Capitol Prison, and which, drawn closely about the chin, increased the natural pallor of the face, and made the appearance of the man still more repulsive and indefinable. His whiskers closely cropped, lips apart and his closed teeth, black with the use of tobacco, eyes sunken, forehead retreating, and topped with disheveled and untidy hair, added to the wretchedness of the look he has worn daily at his trial, and that has impressed all who have ever seen him.

Then commenced the enumeration of his crimes, to which he seemed stolidly to listen, while Father Boyle bent over him occasionally and pressed a small crucifix to his lips. For eighteen minutes this scene lasted, when his hand was shaken by the reverend fathers, and by Major Russell and Capt. Walbridge; his arms were drawn back and pinioned close, the rope was thrown over his head, and the black shroud drawn. All retired from the platform, leaving only Wirz, who, standing thus eight or ten seconds, when the officer below raised his cap as a signal, and there was a crash of the falling trap, a sudden jerk and tension of the rope, and a dark and lengthened form swung convulsively beneath the scaffold. For a moment there was a hush upon the multitude within, and the people upon adjacent house-tops, as all eyes noted the spasmodic twitching of the lower parts of the criminal's body, and some strong-nerved man in the crowd made an audible calculation of the number of tremors that passed through the frame before life became totally extinct. Then came something like a cheer from beyond the prison walls, where all available objects commanding a view of the scene within, were crowded with citizens and soldiers, and gradually there was lifted from the nearer spectators the awe occasioned from seeing a life pass violently from most infamous manhood to the darkest valley of the shadow of death, and there was a hum of comment accompanied with a general crowding nearer the scaffold.

Fifteen minutes more passed without material event. The people who had been on the roofs of houses and in the branches of trees, together with considerable numbers from the prison, retired from the contemplation of the scene, leaving only a few officers and a large group of the members of the press to witness the last of the tragedy. About a quarter to eleven a surgeon approached the pendant body, carefully raised the lower part of the hood, and peered for a little time into the dead man's face, and felt for the flutter of his pulse. There was no spark of animation remaining. The rope was made to loose its throttle, and the body was lowered upon a hospital stretcher, and carried past the crowd into the dead-house of the prison. The guard was brought to "attention," and filed out of the court, leaving the spectators in undisturbed possession of the field, quarreling and elbowing each other for fragments of the rope that performed the sacrifice. Not five minutes elapsed before the executionary cable was severed into inch bits that accompanied the delighted spectators from the field. And thus ended the execution of Henri Wirz, whose name will go down to posterity, accompanied by the execrations of thousands.

WOLFE'S MONUMENT—QUEBEC.

There is always a certain admiration felt by a brave people for a gallant man, and although the nation for which the hero of Quebec fought, has long ago ceased to be part and parcel of our national creed, yet at the time when he fell he was regarded as one of our own soldiers, and all that was disposable of our forces were co-operating with him as a colony contingent.

The site of his monument is on the environs of Quebec. It was a pillar about ten feet in height, and was erected where tradition declared that Wolfe breathed his last. It was originally inscribed,

"Here died Wolfe
Victorious."

But this was soon mutilated to such a degree that about fifteen years ago the present monument was erected, which is about forty-eight feet in height, and surmounted by a bronze helmet, and sword. The inscription is now

"Here died Wolfe in the arms of Victory."

THE BALLOON WEDDING.

WEDNESDAY, the 8th of Nov., ushered in the long talked of Aerial wedding, under the supervision of Professor Lowe, of aeronautic fame.

The inflation of the balloon commenced at an early hour, but before one o'clock it was found that the immense quantity of gas necessary to inflate the huge balloon "United States" (75,000 feet), could not be generated rapidly enough, and, as a consequence, recourse was had to the ordinary gas from the street mains. In the meantime the people began to gather, and soon the enclosure had within it 4,000 people, while every shed and house-top about was crowded, to say nothing of 20,000 people in the park.

The curious took a view of the car, which in itself was very handsome. The canopy was of orange and blue brocatelle, and the valance covering the lower part of the car, of orange and crimson brocatelle. The curtains were of white lace, and were handsomely ornamented with artificial red and white roses, orange blossoms, and crimson and blue tassels, and a handsome carpet covered the floor, while the seats were covered with green silk, and the cords of the car with red, white and blue ribbons. At the same time the bridal party, who were, as we announced last week, Miss Mary West Jenkins, of St. Louis, and Professor John F. Boynton, of Syracuse, were enjoying themselves at the Fifth Avenue Hotel. At two o'clock a florist made his appearance, loaded down with his stock, and commenced decorating the enclosure and car. At three o'clock the audience grew impatient for the consummation, and shouted for the happy pair, and the ballast was taken from the balloon. At about four o'clock two pretty little girls appeared on the platform, and commenced scattering flowers. They were dressed in white with a profusion of spangles, and wore white roses and orange blossoms in their hair. Following these came the bride and groom, the first a pretty girl of about 22; the last a sharp, wide-awake-looking man, about twice that age.

The bride wore a dress of the richest poplin, of that peculiar and beautiful tint known as ashes of roses. It was handsomely trimmed with rich velvet a shade darker. Hat of silk the same shade, with gloves to match. Ornaments, Oriental pearl earrings and turquoise brooch. Miss Jenkins, that was, is about 22 years of age, in figure tall and commanding. Her complexion is fresh and clear, her eyes of a lustrous hazel, and hair of the silkiest brown contrasts finely with a neck of swan-like whiteness. The irrepressible water-dress was, as a necessity, present with all its magnitude, while that portion of her hair which was not contained in this cataract of splendor was frizzled over her forehead, so as to bring out in bold relief a brow where intellectuality of a high order displayed itself. Without being what an ordinary observer would call beautiful, there is an inexpressible sweet smile continually hovering about her lips, which gives to her face a sufficiently beautiful expression to class her among the fairest of Columbia's daughters. Though her dress was peculiar for a bride, it must be remembered it was rendered excusable by the circumstances connected with her marriage. To proceed on a wedding tour in gauze and tarleton, when that tour was to be taken in a balloon on a chill November day, would be at once unseemly and ridiculous.

The bridegroom was dressed in a plain suit of black, and looked as complacent over his position as though he enjoyed it.

At this juncture a wedding cake and certain other edibles were brought forward, and presented to the happy couple, and they took their places in the car.

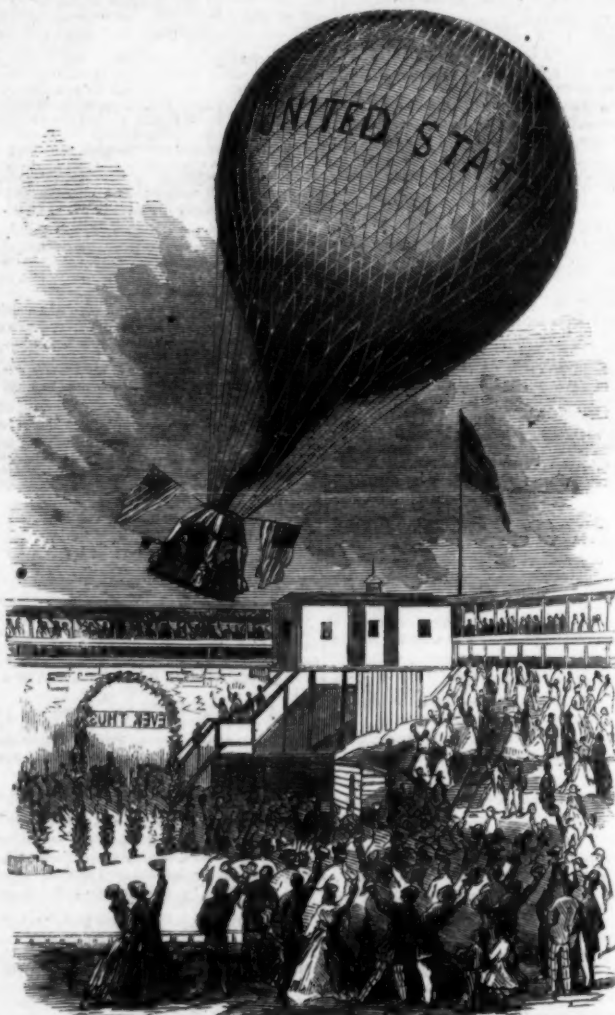
It was then announced that the wedding would not, as was generally supposed by the public, take place in mid air, but that the parties had just been married at the Fifth Avenue Hotel. This was greeted with evidence of disappointment by the crowd, but the idea was soon lost in the preparations for the trip.

At last the word was given to cast loose, and the party, consisting of the bride and groom, Professor Lowe and one bridesmaid, soared away into the clouds, amid the cheers of the thousands of spectators.

They landed in about two hours at Mount Vernon, Westchester County, and returned to the city the same evening, and so ended the great Aerial wedding.



THE BALLOON WEDDING—THE RECEPTION.



THE BALLOON WEDDING—THE ASCENSION.

THE BLOWING UP OF THE TERPSICHORE.

We last week described the effect produced upon the Terpsichore by the explosion of a torpedo beneath her bottom in the Medway, at Chatham, England. We now publish an engraving showing the damage done to the hull of the vessel. The astonishing effect of the explosion, as exhibited externally, raises a question as to the possibility of resisting the influence of torpedoes by strengthening the bottom of ships. This, however, would appear to be useless, as the power of the torpedoes can be increased at pleasure; where these engines of destruction can be brought to bear, they would seem to bid defiance to any strength of fabric. The bottom of the Terpsichore was not only blown in, but the midship portion of the lower deck was literally forced upwards, everything flying before the force of the explosion. The only feasible defence against the influence of these torpedoes appears to be, to keep a "bright look-out" on board ships when blockading or attacking a fort or other object, so as to prevent the machine being placed sufficiently near to be dangerous. This, of course, is supposing that the torpedoes will be attempted to be "planted" after ships have taken up a position; but equal precaution would be necessary in approaching a hostile port, lest the

roadway should be sudded with the dangerous machines, which, constructed on the percussion principle, would be exploded by contact with the ship's bottom, as she passed over them.

A BUSH FIRE IN AUSTRALIA.

The prairie fires of our western country are as well-known to us as the conflagrations of our cities, but the bush fires of Australia, are little known, and, even to those who have witnessed the western fires on the prairies, are novelties that are well worth recording.

These fires originate in about the same manner as the fires on the prairie, either by the action of some settler who wishes to burn away the grass and underbrush, to save himself the trouble of clearing, or by the act of some traveler who is careless with his fire when making his wayside meal. The result is the same, the fire once started sweeps over a vast extent of country, and everything flies before it. Kangaroos, especially, which are to be found in thousands, fly before the flame, mixed indiscriminately with carnivorous animals, serpents and birds of a thousand plumages that fill the air.

The same as in the prairie fires, sometimes these conflagrations sweep into inhabited districts and dwellings and human life fall before it.

FORT UNION, WASHINGTON TERRITORY.

This stronghold of the St. Louis Fur Company was built in 1842, six miles above the mouth of the Yellow Stone River, on the banks of the Missouri. The grounds belonging to the fort are partly in Idaho and partly in Dacotah, the fort being located exactly on the line.

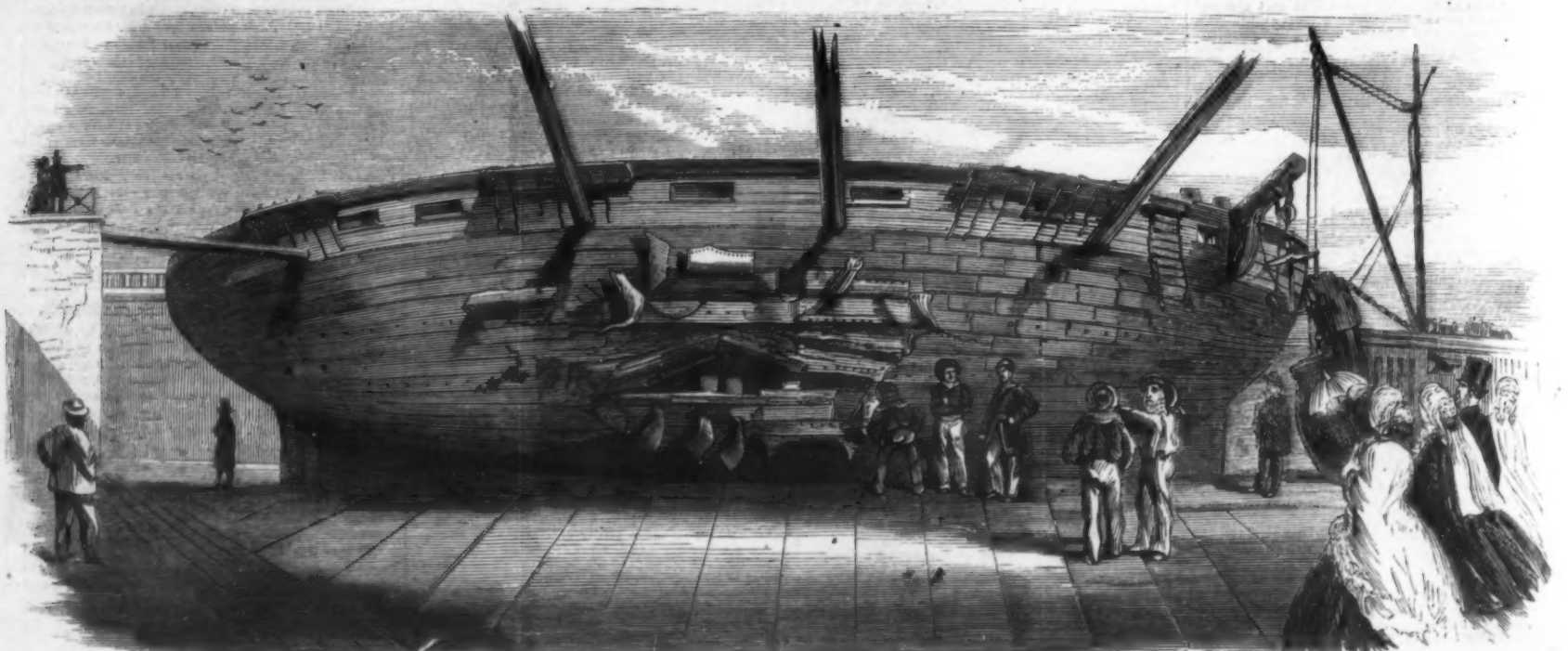
In 1864 it was garrisoned by the United States, the company still continuing its trade.

The North Western Indian Expedition reached that fort on its return in August, 1864, where it was provisioned for its journey to the States.

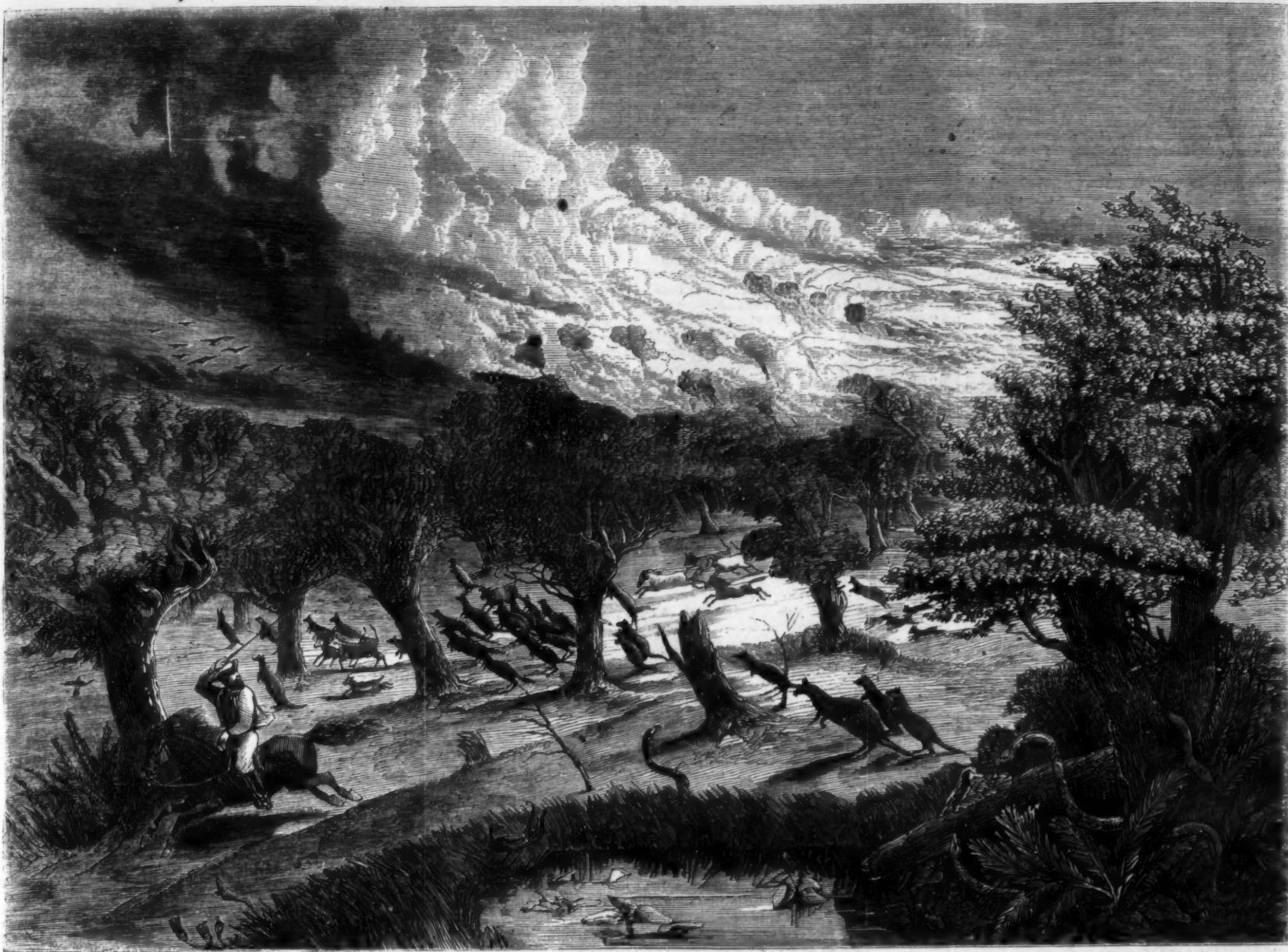
TOLD STUYVESANT PEAR TREE.

This ancient tree, and landmark of New York, stands on the corner of Thirteenth-st. and Third avenue, and is still in a flourishing condition, this year having borne fruit. It was planted by Peter Stuyvesant, Governor of New York, exactly 250 years ago, and stood in front of the porch of his house, and under its shade, the one-legged hero sat, and smoked his pipe and quaffed his lager.

The tree has been protected from ruthless hands by an iron railing, and bids fair yet for a hundred years of life.



EFFECTS OF THE TORPEDO EXPLOSION ON THE TERPSICHORE, AT CHATHAM, ENGLAND.



A BUSH FIRE IN AUSTRALIA—FLIGHT OF THE KANGAROOS.

Waiting for Sherman's Army.

BY HANNAH MULLER.

THERE was a wedding in Savannah. Margaret Gray stood near the chancel, looking with flashing, indignant eyes at the bride who advanced up the aisle, with her fair hair falling over dazzling white shoulders, and her blue eyes cast down. She had had a stormy interview with Alice that morning—



PREPARING FOR THE BRIDAL.

stormy on her side, but carried off with perfect good humor on the part of the bride.

Margaret had gone round in the morning to help Alice Lee with her preparations for the bridal. She was curling the long, fair hair, over her fingers, when Alice said:

"Do you remember, Margaret, a time when you and all your friends thought I should soon be performing this kind of office for you—a time, four years ago."

"Yes," the other answered, with a sigh half suppressed.

"Yes, you say, and nothing more. Why not be a little more talkative? Why not give me an opportunity to say something which is on my tongue to tell you?"

"Say on," answered Margaret, in that tone usual with people who have nothing more to hope or fear.

"Ah, well, you see I am very happy," said Alice, "I am going to marry Bernard, who is, after all, the best and bravest of all the lovers I have ever had. I can afford to give you a little satisfaction.

Robert Norton never offered himself to me, Margaret."

"What do you say," said the other, letting the long ringlet fall, and coming round to face Alice.

"What do you say, Alice?"

"Ah, now patience. You brown-eyed girls are so fierce; go on curling my hair, else I shall not be ready for Bernard when he comes."

"What do you say?" repeated Margaret, looking close into the soft, blue eyes, now quailing a little under that steadfast regard.

"Margaret," said Alice, recovering herself, and laughing a sweet, careless laugh. "I could no more answer while you stand there looking at me than I could keep my self-possession if a young lioness rose up to face me. Do, like a good girl, go on curling my hair, then I will make a clean breast of it. Perhaps you will scold me for being a very naughty child, but Bernard will kiss me when he comes, and I shall forget the scolding."

Margaret did as Alice asked, and began brushing the soft hair over fingers cold and white as marble, while her eyes shone out glowing and impatient from the pale face, which had lost every tint of color.

"Well, you see," said Alice, "I liked Robert Norton; came very near loving him; and when he followed you home from New York I made up my mind that his fiery, impatient nature would not suit half so well with your coldness and dignity as with my more impulsive character. You see I am all Southern, you all Northern in temperament; so I did my best to win him. To tell you the truth, I thought you could never care much for any man, and would soon get over it if he did forsake you. I could not succeed in making him love me at all, but I did succeed in keeping him so much with me, always saying that you had sent to ask if he would escort me hither and thither (a harmless little fib, Madge), that you began to be jealous and uneasy, though you never spoke his name to me, no matter how much I used to tease you about him when we two were alone in our room at nights. You grew so very cold to him that I saw it affected his manner towards you, and I knew from your sad face after he had gone, to return again in three weeks, that you two must have had a cool parting."

Margaret moaned.

"For heaven's sake," said Alice, "don't make a noise like that again, or I shall never have courage to keep to my virtuous resolution, and tell you what may give Robert another chance; that letter I read to you was not from him at all. It came in very apropos, for you remember it spoke of wishing to break off another engagement, which had become hateful to him for my sake. It happened, however, that letter came from another of my numerous admirers. I remember how you came to me the next day with a note you had written to Robert, saying with a tremulous voice, 'You have

a right to see this, Alice!' and how glad I felt that there was not a word in it which could implicate me—not a word of explanation, only just giving him up. How proud you were, Margaret, and how miserable. You, so sure that he must know your reason for breaking the engagement, while he, I suppose, took it for granted from your coldness before he left, that you had ceased to care for him. I never saw him again, Madge; he never returned to S—; so I might have spared myself all the trouble I went through on his account. I remember how glad you were to leave home at once, and come right down here to stay with mother, while I remained at the North with your father. It is three years now since I returned home, Margaret, and you have never asked me a word about Robert. I suppose you thought I had refused him. I know that I told you I should, for

I was quite aware that it was a risky game I was playing, and that my chances were very uncertain."

Not a word was spoken by the tall, dark-eyed girl who stood behind Alice, still brushing the soft curls like one in a dream, so the pretty prattler went on in a sweet low voice—"It was a curious thing, Madge, that you never should have said a word about old times, when you saw me flirting with so many different men, and you have stayed here so long in Savannah, busy with that horrid teaching, while your whole heart, independent even of Robert Norton, has been in the North, the 'blessed North,'—as you call it—where your father came to take you home and died here. That seemed to fix you in this place, where his grave is, and there you stand behind me in your black dress, like a shadow. When will you ever



MARGARET HEARS OF SHERMAN'S ARMY.

leave off that dismal mourning. It is provoking, because you see it prevents me from having my cousin Madge for bridesmaid.

"Alice, your hair is finished, let me help you with your dress—quick, I want to go."

"I wish you would leave Mrs. Allen's, Margaret. I don't like my cousin to be a governess (and Bernard won't like it)—although Mrs. A. is very kind to you and loves you, I believe, much better than me. Now, child, do talk to me a little or I shall repent having been good and telling you."

"I have nothing to say," answered Margaret. "This is your bridal-day, and you look very happy and exceedingly pretty—let that satisfy you."

"Oh, thank you," said the sweet-looking girl, who now stood before the mirror and surveyed herself—at the same time dropping a courtesy to her cousin, whose pale face looked over her white shoulder, stern and agonized. "I declare, Madge, the sight of your face gives me the shivers; who knows? Robert Norton has gone into the army—who knows that he will not appear here with Sherman's army, which people say is, some day, really coming to Savannah?"

"Be quiet, Alice—do not speak another word to me—and may God forgive you, I never will. You know how all these years I have suffered pain, from which I would have been glad to escape even by the cruellest death. And now you tell me with your sweet, low voice—you subtle enemy!—a thing which stabs me to the heart, and there is no help for it. Ah, me, 'no help for it,' and I bore it quietly, that pain of thinking he had ceased to love me, of believing that your blue eyes and charming ways had robbed me of him. I thought, too, that he was, perhaps, suffering just as I. Suffering because your little heart was not given to him. Ignorant that I was to dream that my hero could be miserable for the sake of such a one as you. But how shall I bear this pain to know that he has believed, through all this long, weary time, that I was the unfaithful one."

"Margaret," said the other, interrupting her, and quite seriously—"I would have told you all this long ago, but I knew that you were too proud even to write to Robert, to make the matter straight, and I thought it would only make you unkind to me, without helping either you or him. I am not a courageous girl, and I don't think I could tell you now, if it were not that I am going to be married, and Bernard will make up to me for losing your friendship if you choose to withdraw that."

"Friendship! Don't say the word, what do you know about friendship? What about love? You are taken up with your curls, and your pink and white face, with your blue eyes, and the conquests they make. Is such an one as you responsible if you happen to be the cause of an agony you cannot measure or understand, are you answerable for the deep, incurable wound your little soft fingers can make. Truly I believe not. I believe you are not capable of imagining the pain. You take Bernard because there are fewer admirers in the way at present, and Bernard is not a man to be trifled with. You know what love is! No, not even in your dreams!"

"But I would have loved Robert Morton, if he had cared for me," said Alice, in a low voice.

"Alice, never say that name to me again. Good-bye, we are cousins, and must be civil to each other, but I shall go home to the North soon, and shall never wish to meet you anymore. I shall apply for the pass at once. I cannot bear to remain in the same city with you. Every time we could meet, it would be as if you stabbed me again. I shall apply for a pass to the North at once."

"Had you not better wait for Sherman's army?" said Alice, as the door closed behind Margaret.

Margaret now stood in the church, while the wedding was going on, seeing nothing, hearing nothing, but some low passionate words spoken long ago, turning with a pang from the remembrance, as she kept repeating to herself the words, "There is no help for it. Ah, me, no help for it." Feeling that she and Robert Norton were just as much parted as if the facts had really been what she had imagined them to be. And four years had past. Ah, yes, he must be married now; somewhere his happy wife was living and little children—his little children were playing at her feet.

"Whom God has joined together let no man put asunder," said the minister; the words came in just on Margaret's thought of the woman who called Robert, Margaret's Robert, "husband." Ah, yes, she would take that as an assurance that he was married, and there was nothing more in the world for her, but why should she grieve, she was only just in the same place as yesterday. Nothing new had happened, things were only just as they had been for these four long years, but this city had become too painful a place for her to live in. She could not stay any longer in Savannah, and then in spite of herself, she could not help hearing, like an echo repeating itself, the words: "Better wait for Sherman's army, Madge."

Sherman's army. What was there in Sherman's army except a victory for her blessed country, except the power which would give back to the soil of Georgia its birthright, which would plant again the old, dear flag to wave over its cities, over its broad fields and silent, solemn forests—which would consecrate again the land in whose bosom her father lay asleep. All this she had expected and hoped for, during the four years which had passed, of all this she had felt certain always. What new thoughts was there added to this—"Sherman's army." Amongst its ten thousands, who was there whom she personally cared to see? Was it the father of these little children she had been thinking of a while ago? The husband of that happy wife she had pictured to herself?

The ceremony was over, the people all looked out of the church, and Bernard Turner had gained a pretty, blue-eyed wife to sit by his fire-side and amuse him with her little talk. How long would the amusement last? How long before he, too, would sit quiet sometimes, and

say to himself with a sigh, "There is no help for it. Ah, me, no help for it."

Margaret sat down on the chancel step, it was nearly evening now, solemn twilight in the old church, and she forgot how time was passing. There was to be service in the evening, and so the old sexton did not lock the church doors. Service, and the same prayer which she had to listen to every Sunday, would be read, that prayer to which she would not listen with declined head and bended knee. She was startled by the first stroke of the bell ringing and noticed how dark it had grown. She must rise up now, and leave the dear cherished dream—dreamed so long ago—behind her again, for there was no more help for it. There seemed to be an unusual stir in the street outside. People hurrying to and fro. She went to the door, and noticed that there was great commotion. People talking in knots—excited faces passing quickly under the gas-lights. An old free negro who knew her and used to call her, "That blessed Yankee girl" passed at that moment.

"What's the matter, Caleb?"

"Bless the good, glorious, God Almighty, missy, if that dar bressed Sherman's army ain't clean comin' dis way!"

"Oh, Margaret," said Pauline Allen, who came to the church door with her mother, "we have been looking everywhere for you, and do you know the news? They say that Sherman's army is not going to Augusta at all. Coming straight on to Savannah. All the people are so frightened. We are going into the country, as soon as we are sure it is near up among the Pines. Oh, I wish we could go to-morrow; I am so terribly afraid. Julia and Ruth don't care, for they are so delighted at the thought of getting to the country. And you will like the Pines, Margaret. And just think, Bernard Turner has to turn soldier this very evening—has to go out and drill. Alice is in a very nervous state. She intends to leave him and go to the Pines with us. If I were in her place I would not do that, no matter how much I was afraid."

In the midst of all this excitement a thankfulness came over Margaret's spirit which was almost like joy. She could have broken out into a song of thanksgiving. Sherman's army! "No," she would not go to the Pines, she would stay behind, and walk gladly through the streets with the old flag waving overhead again. And if there were a fierce struggle first, and the unsparring, indiscriminating shot should speed her soul out of this world, what matter! The happy husbands and wives, the little children growing up, would neither need nor miss her care and ministry.

"Margaret does not feel as we do, Pauline," said Mrs. Allen, looking a little sadder at the face lighted up by the excited feelings.

"No, Mrs. Allen, I cannot think with you, but I am glad for you, glad for all the inhabitants of this mistaken land, that the morning is dawning for them again, that peace and happiness will return to them once more. I will stay here, Mrs. Allen. These are my people who are coming. Your people, too, if you would only realize it. People who bring with them no unkind and revengeful feelings, who are ready to claim every man here as a brother once again—lost for a while, but found now. Oh, Mrs. Allen, would that this city would receive them at its gates with a welcome."

Mrs. Allen shook her head. "That is a vain wish, my child."

And the evening service was read, with its prayer against their enemies, but Margaret was not thinking of any part of it, she was only thinking, with a throbbing heart, of "Sherman's army!"

And so the days went on, each one bringing more excitement. Armed men pouring into the city for its defence; negroes transported off to parts unknown; women and children flying.

"For heaven's sake come with us, Margaret," said Mrs. Allen; "there will be a terrible battle. Do you suppose, when the Yankees are outside the walls, that they will care whether their shot kill innocent women and children or not? Will they stop to ask whether there are any loyal people in danger? Come with us, my child."

"I cannot, I cannot, Mrs. Allen, I must stay here."

"Do you realize that they will take our homes as quarters for their officers; you cannot stay here alone."

"I will go to old Hannah's cottage. No harm will come to me there."

Mrs. Allen made other unavailing efforts to prevail upon Margaret to accompany them; the girl only answered, "I cannot go, I cannot go." So they left her.

She took her few things to old Hannah's cottage, and stayed there through the days of danger, never flinching at the sound of the cannon; but the anxiety was soon over.

And at last came the march of Sherman's army through the streets. Past old Hannah's door filed the troops. Margaret stood and looked out of the window with a swelling heart. Now and then she noticed among the officers, faces of acquaintances not seen for long years, and in the ranks, soldiers whom she had known as working men in those days gone by. She felt like running out to clasp the hands grown browner and rougher in the many victories they had helped to win. She thought of the long marches those weary men had made, and of the wives and mothers, and the betrothed girls at home, dreaming of "Sherman's army." She thought of the comrades who had dropped out of the ranks on their weary way, and forgot, for a little time, that she was nothing but a poor and lonely girl, who did not know whether Robert Norton, lost to her for ever, was in this world or the next.

After this, the days went on quietly, people began to go about the streets again, and some of the shops were re-opened. There was no confusion or tumult, all went well under the control of "Sherman's army." Mrs. Allen wrote, begging

Margaret to apply at headquarters for a pass permitting her and her family to return to Savannah, and to her house, which had remained unoccupied, Margaret having moved in there with old Hannah the day after the troops entered the city.

So she set off one morning for headquarters, quite unattended, except for Hannah's little boy, Pomp. She walked sadly along the street now, the first excitement was over, and her thoughts had time to turn and look at her own loneliness, her own desolation, which had seemed to grow greater every day, since Alice had told that little history of the past. She began to realize that she had been longing for Sherman's army with some faint personal hope, lost sight of in that first great exultation, but leaving its disappointment to do its own work on a frame already worn out with long endurance.

Little Pomp did not pay much attention to his mistress, he got absorbed in a company of infantry filing down the street with colors flying, and Margaret, thinking her own thoughts, passed on out of sight.

She did not notice that she was quite alone till she reached the house where the military governor's headquarters had been fixed. She went in without fear, and waited for her turn to go forward, but there were a great many soldiers about, and some of them scanned her rather inquisitively, trying to see her face through the double crape veil which covered it.

"Stand back," said a stern voice, and an officer came forward. There was a double row of buttons on his coat, and a stained silver eagle on his shoulder. The men touched their caps and retreated immediately.

Everything grew dark before Margaret's dizzy eyes, but she heard Colonel Norton's voice speaking to her, and recovered herself. She stood in the shade, and no one could have recognized her through the thick black veil, but its heavy folds could not shut out from her sight that dear, remembered face—familiar still, through all these years of separation and estrangement.

"The corporal told me, madam, that you are here for a pass. You would be obliged to wait for some time, and this is no place for a lady; too many rude men about. If you will give me your address, I will procure the pass, and send it to you."

Margaret took out of her pocket a card on which the address was already written; not her own name, but Mrs. Allen's, with the number and the street.

When she had handed it to him, she turned away without a word, and went out into the street again.

"And that is all," she thought, "that one brief sight of him, and nothing more."

It was a great agony to turn away from him, when she so longed to clasp that dear hand once again; no matter, even if he were married, it would have been a joy to her just to hear one kindly word—to hear him say, Margaret—but that he should be alive and well, that was surely great cause for thanksgiving; and she walked along the street—feeling that for her the world lay inside that little city of Savannah—with an impatient, nervous dread at her heart that something would call Robert Norton away, and she should have no chance of ever seeing him again.

Colonel Norton looked after the slender, retreating figure with a sigh. It minded him of one he had parted from on a summer day long ago, and had never seen again—of one whom he thought of as being now far away in her Northern home—and, then, he thought of the unanswerable rejection she had sent him, and wondered for whose sake it had been written, whom she had married. He had always avoided carefully the place where she lived; it would have been too painful for him ever to go there again, and he had never spoken her name since they parted. God bless her, he thought, wherever she is, and whoever she loves. He felt annoyed that this woman—Southern woman, he called her—should recall to him the Margaret who had given him up in times gone by, and whom he had been trying so long to forget. The motion of her little gloved hand as she handed him the card—the quiet but swift movement of her head as she turned to go away—it was so like. Ah! what matter?—all that was over. What was this Southern woman's name. He took the card out of his pocket; there was a slight odor of violets about it—that was like Margaret, too. "Mrs. Allen" the name was, — street. All right; he would do what he could to please Mrs. Allen. But what was he to do?—something about a pass! What was the pass for?—that he had entirely forgotten; if, indeed, she had ever told him. She had retreated so suddenly; frightened, probably, by the glances of Sherman's soldiers. For his part he had not even seen her face. She might be black for all he knew. She had not told him what she wanted. He was quite in the dark, then. Must he go up and see Mrs. Allen, to inquire? He went into the office, feeling rather glad that anything had been forgotten which would make it necessary for him to call, and sat through the afternoon smoking his cigar, and thinking in a strange, sad way of the girl he had lost long ago, and wondering what kind of a face Mrs. Allen had hidden behind that double black veil. When it grew dusk he took out the card again, and looked at the number, then walked leisurely up the street.

Margaret sat in the pleasant parlor; she would not let Hannah light the gas; the firelight suited her better. She, too, was thinking of her own thoughts of joys that had turned to rows now; half despairing, half rejoicing that she had caught a glimpse of that dear face again. She heard the bell ring, and Hannah go to the door; then a voice which made her stand up trembling and sick with expectation. Oh, he must not go away; she must see him, and she could not move a step.

"Is Mrs. Allen at home?" asked the voice.

"No," said Hannah.

The visitor seemed to be hesitating as Hannah still held the door open.

Margaret's temples throbbed so as almost to prevent her hearing.

"I must see Mrs. Allen on business. Can you tell me when she will be at home?"

"No, sir; but if you will wait a moment, I will speak to young miss about it. Miss Margaret, here is an officer who wishes to see Mrs. Allen. Ah, such a fine, brave gentleman," added Hannah, partial to all the Yankee officers. "It went against me to shut the door on him, but I did it, and there he stands as patient as a lamb. Do, honey, let him in, and speak to him."

"Tell him to come in," said Margaret, but she could not raise her voice above a whisper.

She heard Hannah ask him in, and she stood there in the middle of the room, expectant of she knew not what, trembling in every nerve, with throbbing temples and dizzy eyes, so that she could hardly hear or see.

Colonel Norton came in and stood near her; began to talk of Mrs. Allen and the pass; just then the fire blazed out.

"Margaret," he said.

But she stood dumb before him, just looking up into his face, nothing more.

"Margaret. Oh, child, tell me that you are not Mrs. Allen."

She shook her head.

"Margaret Gray," she said.

His face glowed.

"Do you forget all the past?" he asked.

"No," she whispered; then, with a new courage, she looked up into his eyes.

"It is too late," she said, "too late for any happiness, but you must listen, Robert."

She told him how it was, but she finished her story with her head declined on his shoulder.

"And you may go now, my darling," she said, "it all comes too late. It must be that you have forgotten to love me; but I had to make it all clear to you, the reason for that letter which it broke my heart to write."

"Too late for what, Madge? Too late to ask for the priest's blessing to-night; but I may bring him to-morrow, may I?"

There came no refusal from the lips that were close against his cheek now, and Margaret made no resistance against the arm which held her so closely.

"We soldiers, make a short wooing, my darling," he said, "and I mean to take you away with 'Sherman's Army.'"

IRISH AND HIGHLAND WIT.

"WHAT creatures those Irish are!" said the landlord, as he knocked a feather of white ashes from the tip of his cheroot; "it would be a dull world without them. In India a single Irishman at a station is enough to banish blue devils. The presence of an Irishman anywhere keeps away low spirits, just as a cat in a house keeps away rats and mice. Every station should wear an Irishman as an amulet against despondency."

"I have lived a good deal both in Ireland and the Highlands," said Pen, "and the intellectual difference between the two races has often struck me as not a little curious. They are of the same stock originally, anti-quarians say, and yet Ireland is a land of Goshen overflowing with the milk and honey of humor, whereas in every quality of humor the Highlands are as dry as the Sahara. Jokes don't usually come farther north than the Grampians. One or two are occasionally to be found in Ross-shire, over there; but they are far from common, and their appearance is chronicled in the local prints just as the appearance of the capercailzie is chronicled. No joke has yet been found strong-winged enough to cross the Kyles. That's odd, is it not?"

"But have not the Highlanders wit?"

"Oh, yes, plenty of it, but rather of the strenuous than of the playful kind; their wit is born for the most part of anger and contempt. 'There she goes,' sneered the Englishman, as Duncan marched past in his tatarian at a fair. 'There she lies,' retorted Duncan, as he knocked the scorum over at a blow. 'Coming from hell, Lauchlan,' quoth the shepherd, proceeding on a sacrament Sunday to the Free Church, and meeting his friend coming from the church of the Establishment. 'Better than going to it, Kery,' retorted Lauchlan, as he passed on. Of that kind of rapid and sufficient retort, of the power of returning a blow swiftly and with interest, the Highlander is not in the least deficient. But he differs from the Irishman in this—that he has no eye for the pleasantly droll kind of things; he has no fun in him, no sense of the genially comic. He laughs, but there is generally a touch of scorn in his laughter, and it is almost always directed towards a man or a thing. The Irishman's humorous sense puts a stitch in the torn coat, ekes the scanty purse, boils the p as with which he is doomed to limp graveward. The best Highlander can draw no amelioration of condition from such a source. The two races dine often scantily enough, but it is only the Irishman that can sweeten his potatoes with point. 'They talk of hard-ships,' said the poor Irish soldier, as he lay down to sleep on the deck of a transport. 'They talk of hard-ships, but behind this is the hardest ship I ever was in in all my life.' No Highlander would have said that, and I believe that the joke made the hard plank all the softer to the joker."

"And how do you account for this difference?"

"I can't account for it. The two races springing from the same stock, I think it is rather unaccountable unless, indeed, it be traceable to climatic influences—the soft, green, rainy Erin producing riant and ebullient natures; the bare, flinty Highlands, hard and austere ones. There is one quality, however, in which your Highlander can beat the world, with the exception, perhaps, of the North American Indian."

"What quality is that?"

"The quality of never exhibiting astonishment. The Highlander would as soon think of turning his back on his foe as of expressing astonishment at anything. Take a Highlander from the wilds of Skye or Harris, and drop him in Chesapeake, and he will retain the most perfect equanimity. He will have no word of marvel for the crowds and the vehicls; the Thames Tunnel will not move him; he will look on St. Paul's without flinching. The boy may have only ridden in a peat-cart, but he takes a railway, the fields, hedges, bridges and villages spinning past, the howling gnomes of the tunnels, the speed that carries him in an hour over a greater extent of country than he ever beheld in his life, even from the highest hill-top, as the merest matter of course, and unworthy of special remark."

"But the boy will be astonished all the same?"

"Of course he is. The very hair of his soul is standing on an end with wonder and terror, but he will make no sign; he is too proud. Will he allow the Sassenach to triumph over him? If he did he would not be his father's son. He will not admit that earth holds anything which he has not measured and weighed, and with which he is not familiar. When Chingachcook groans at the stake in the hearing of his tormentors, the Highlander will express surprise."

SHIPWRECKED.

BY AMANDA T. JONES.

I.

Wz two waited on the deck—
All around us rolled the sea;
Helpless on our reeling wreck,
Silent, wan, and worn were we.
Where the little boat went down,
Where the sun had plunged from sight,
Hope and light alike did drown.
O'er us, dark as Fate, was Night.
Face to face we stood alone,
Dreary, still and cold were we;
Smitten by that wild cyclone,
All around us beat the sea,
Rose the sea, rushed the sea,
Roared the wrathful sea.

II.

Cloudy shapes like hooded ghouls
Flitted past our shuddering prow,
Death was reaching for our souls,
Chill his breath upon the brow.
Then—oh, then, were we aware,
Through all war below, above,
Of a face sublimely fair!
Was it Death unveiled, or Love?
Heart to heart we stood alone,
Smiling and serene were we;
Tortured by that wild cyclone,
All around us strove the sea,
Wailed the sea, mourned the sea,
Sobbed the toiling sea.

III.

While we watched, a seething tide
O'er our sinking vessel creased;
Out among the waters wide,
Smiling still, we two were tossed—
Tossed and drifted—overcome
In a crowd of surges dead,
Bruised and beaten, blind and dumb,
So we sank among the dead.
O my love, and mine alone,
Sweet it was to die with thee!
Far beneath that dread cyclone,
All around us rooked the sea,
Crept the sea, sank the sea,
Slept the silent sea.

IV.

Through our slumber, sweet and deep,
Stole the growing light of dawn;
Heart and brain its warmth did steep,
Out of Death our souls were drawn!
So we breathed—awoke—arose—
Heart to heart, and lip to lip;
Where Love's golden ocean flows
Ever sails our snowy ship.
Never sun so softly shone!
Fair, in saintly robes are we;
O'er us shrieks no mad cyclone,
All around us sings the sea—
Gleams the sea, glides the sea,
Laughs the lovely sea.

MARK RICHARDSON;

OR,

The Patriot's Trials.

A Legend of the Revolution.

BY L. A. WILMERE.

CHAPTER III.

COLONEL TARLETON had been making one of those tours of devastation through the country which associated his name with so much to be hated and feared by the whig inhabitants. Many of them, on the mere suspicion of being attached to the cause of liberty, were treated in the most barbarous manner. Their houses and barns were burned, their fields were laid waste, and their persons were subjected to the grossest indignities. Some who had been in arms were made prisoners, and sent to Charleston, where they were often compelled to undergo sufferings too shocking to humanity to be described.

On his return from this expedition, the odious and tyrannical colonel stopped for refreshment and repose at the house of that tried friend of royalty, Mark Richardson. Under a thin veil of external politeness, the natural brutality of the man's disposition soon showed itself. During his stay of two or three days at Richardson's, his true character was fully developed. The extraordinary beauty of Letitia made her the object of his libidinous passion. Unawed by that virtue which seemed to diffuse a sanctity on all around it, he dared to express his purposes, as one who presumed on his power, and who felt that his intended victim was cut off from all hope of escape or redress. He met, however, with a repulse so decided and scornful, that his haughty and vindictive temper was fully aroused. His subsequent conduct showed, evidently, how love itself may be perverted in a corrupt heart. The mode in which Tarleton's resentment discovered itself, will be seen presently.

On the morning of the day which the colonel had fixed for his departure, he appeared at the breakfast table with a lowering and ominous countenance. The meal was dispatched in silence, for all who knew aught of Tarleton's peculiarities saw plainly enough that a storm of some kind was brewing; and, although Carville and Richardson were unconscious of having given him any cause of dissatisfaction, they felt exceedingly uncomfortable; for to be suspected by a man of the colonel's temper was almost equivalent to being convicted.

After breakfast, Colonel Tarleton ordered one of his officers to "arrest that man," pointing to Carville. All, except Letitia, were amazed at this unexpected order, but she instantly fathomed the mystery. Carville, after a moment of speechless astonishment, inquired if he was serious. Tarleton

answered affirmatively, with a most impressive adjuration, and added:

"You have been detected in a treasonable correspondence with the rebels, and, having thus played the part of a spy, you will be dealt with by a summary process. The rope is spun that will hang you."

He glanced at Letitia, probably to see what effect this fearful denunciation against her father would have on her. The poor girl had swooned, and a smile of gratified malignity played on the lips of her cruel persecutor.

Mr. Richardson here interposed:

"Colonel, this must be some mistake."

"No mistake at all, sir," answered Tarleton sharply. "The proofs are abundant and positive, and, if you would not be suspected of aiding and abetting his traitorous design, let me recommend you not to interfere in his behalf."

"I a traitor!" cried old Richardson. "Have I not endeavored to give up my own son as soon as he showed a disposition to join the rebels?"

"Oh, we understand the nature of your loyalty well enough!" cried Colonel Tarleton, who, according to one of the evil customs of the day, had indulged in several glasses of spirits before breakfast, and was now prepared to say what his fancy, rather than his prudence and policy, suggested.

"We know," he drawled out in a tone which revealed the first stage of inebriety—"we know that you are held to the cause of King George only by fear and interest. You are traitors to your own countrymen, and what will prevent you from betraying us when it suits your purpose?"

"Colonel," said Richardson, "these are killing words—they are daggers to my heart. Never did I expect to hear such language from you."

"Ah, Richardson," said Tarleton, "you are a Falstaff in everything but his agreeable humor. Zounds, man, you have abundance of flesh, and, as old Jack argues, you must have abundance of frailty. I trust you!—no—not so far as you could run, by—; and it seems that your powers of locomotion are none of the most active. As for you, Carville, you are a thin rogue—a pale, cadaverous, white-livered rascal. You can go about your treacherous work nimbly enough. But we have unearthed you, you old badger, and we will hang you up, depend on it, to terrify other vermin of the same sort. Possibly we may hang Richardson too, some day, if we can find a hawser strong enough for the purpose. This behavior of his son looks suspicious. Where did the young man get his fine notions of liberty?"

"Not from me," said Richardson; "did I not give information against him, and direct you how to find him?"

"Ay, but we did not get him," answered Tarleton, "your information led my men into an ambush, and lost ten of my very best fellows by your help. Might I not reasonably suspect that all this was a plot?"

The best Whig in the world might have pitied poor Richardson, who, in return for the substantial services he had rendered to the cause of royalty, received nothing, by way of recompense, but the contumelious and sarcastic reproaches of Colonel Tarleton. But the case of Carville was infinitely more deplorable. He stood in circumstances of the greatest peril, and he was sure of severe and ignominious treatment at the hands of those who should have been his friends. Tarleton ordered him to make himself ready for traveling, as he was determined that he should be placed beyond all possibility of committing further treachery. Meanwhile, Letitia, having been restored to consciousness by the attentions of Mrs. Richardson, resolved to accompany her father to Charleston, hoping, by her filial tenderness, to alleviate the sufferings which she too plainly foresaw would fall to his lot.

Colonel Tarleton, in the interim, had put his troop in marching order. Carville, with his arms bound, was placed on a horse, and conveyed, like a felon, under a strong guard, in front of the cortege, being continually insulted with all manner of contemptuous jests by those who had him in charge. The revolutionary Tories were held in great contempt by both officers and men of the British army, and were often, on the slightest pretences, subjected to the grossest personal abuse, besides being liable to the unsparring extortion of their allies.

The resolution of Letitia to accompany her father was precisely what Colonel Tarleton had expected, and he now felicitated himself on having her completely in his power. She was not allowed to ride by her unfortunate parent, but was detained by the wily colonel in the rear of the troop, he himself taking a position by her side, and harassing her with his odious protestations of love, plainly announcing to her at the same time that, unless her behavior were changed, her father's life would be the forfeit.

Letitia did not even condescend to answer this infamous discourse, and in all the extremity of her grief and apprehension, she maintained a dignity which the military tyrant was compelled to respect, though he was unable to perceive the origin of the feeling.

Night had now set in; the feeble starlight scarcely sufficed to make the road visible, and the dense pine forest, on each side, rose in frowning masses, like two immense walls, that conveyed to the narrow passage between them a preternatural gloom.

One might easily have imagined it to be an avenue to the abode of Dis. The only sound heard was the plashing of the horses' feet in the pobbly sand. Tarleton and his officers soon began to speak of encamping for the night, in the woods, as soon as they could find a spot where the trees were sufficiently scattered. Letitia, whose thoughts during the day had been entirely upon her father, now began to realize the dangers of her own situation. Nothing could be more terrible to her than the idea of spending the night, without any protection (since her father was himself a helpless captive), among a band of rude soldiery, commanded by one who had shown himself inaccessible to every principle of honor, and every feeling of

remorse. She begged permission to speak with her father, and, a few minutes being allowed her for that purpose, she explained to Carville the whole mystery of his captivity—the insults which had been offered her by the British Colonel—and the intensity of dread which she now felt. Carville's eyes were now opened to the extent of the injury which had been meditated against him; and he was infinitely more concerned on his daughter's account than on his own. His private wrongs did more for the enlightenment of his understanding than all the inflictions under which his country had suffered. He had endeavored to persuade himself that, by taking part with the royalists, he pursued the path marked out by justice and duty; but, when he himself began to feel the heavy hand of the oppressor, he was ready to acknowledge that such of his countrymen as had resisted British misrule were fully justified, and were proper examples for imitation. In short, he determined to change sides at the first opportunity. Tarleton soon broke in upon the agitated conversation between the father and daughter, by ordering Carville and his guard to ride on ahead, as before.

The animal on which Letitia rode could not keep pace with the thorough-bred steeds of the troopers. By degrees she found herself separated farther and farther from the main body, until, to her unspeakable dismay, she was left alone with the man whom, of all on earth, she most abhorred and dreaded. During the evening, Colonel Tarleton had frequently betaken himself to a leathern flask which hung at his saddle-bow, and, as the progress of intoxication advanced, his discourse became more and more offensive. He now declared his base designs in the grossest terms. Letitia, in the horror of the moment, could scarcely maintain self-possession enough to keep her saddle. At that instant, she heard a blow, which was quickly repeated, and immediately before her appeared Colonel Tarleton's horse, without his rider, running at full speed. She turned in amazement, and beheld, in precisely the same place which her persecutor had lately occupied, a very different figure—in fact, no other than the small, thin man in gray, whose meeting with young Richardson was described at the beginning of our history.

Seeing, or supposing, that Letitia was about to utter some ejaculation, the stranger said in a very low tone:

"Hush! You shall soon be in safety."

"Thanks, sir," said Letitia, "but my father is a prisoner in the hands of these men."

"Yes; I saw him ride past just now. We will do what we can; but do you remain where you now are."

So saying, he set his horse in motion, and glided past her into the darkness, while Letitia remained motionless, silent and bewildered. In another moment, she heard, on ahead, the report of muskets, shouts of hostility and of dismay, and all the noises of a desperate conflict. Presently the tumult seemed to come nearer, and she could see the red flashes which accompanied the discharge of the fire-arms. Clapping her hands together, Letitia prayed most fervently, though not loudly, for the blessing of heaven upon the righteous cause. The tumult soon ceased, and, from the nature of the triumphant shouts which Letitia then heard, she learned that the Americans were the victors.

In a few minutes more, her father was beside her, and with him came Alfred Richardson, who had borne a gallant and conspicuous part in the struggle which was just concluded. There were few young people, we presume, whose imaginations will not inform them of the nature of the meeting between Alfred and Letitia; and the joy of the occasion was not a little enhanced by Mr. Carville's declaration to young Richardson that, by that day's experience, he had been completely cured of his Toryism. General Marion, who now came up, remarked to Alfred:

"I have no doubt, my dear young friend, that you are destined to render many important services to your country; and it appears that, even in temporal affairs, your patriotism is not to go unrewarded. You perceive that your betrothed and her father now think more highly of you than if you had never evinced a willingness to sacrifice their good opinion, in order to fulfill a patriot's duty."

That night Letitia and her father rested beneath a rude and temporary shelter, but with hearts relieved of all apprehensions of treachery or violence. Alfred paced near them as a sentinel, proud of this opportunity of keeping guard over the safety of her who was to him the most precious treasure upon earth. Next morning the general readily complied with young Richardson's request that their party should escort Letitia and Mr. Carville back to his father's house, and they accordingly turned their course in that direction. Alfred rode by the side of Letitia, and occupied the time in a conversation so interesting to its participants that, had the distance been twice as far, it would have seemed only too short.

"The sole cause that I now have to be dissatisfied with my fortune," said the young man, "lies in the aversion which is felt by my parents, and especially my father, towards my course in joining the patriot army."

"You need not despair of seeing that cloud pass away also," replied Letitia, "for I think that the arguments of my father—who was recently as much opposed to this revolutionary movement as any one could possibly be—will go a great way towards destroying Mr. Richardson's prejudices."

"I sincerely hope it may prove so," answered Alfred. But we are now in sight of my father's house. In case any roving party of British should have stopped there, or that the intention of our coming should be misunderstood, you and your father, dear Letitia, had better remain in the rear of our party. I must go and speak with General Marion."

With these words, he galloped to the front, and, placing himself by the side of Marion, said, "I know, general, that my father's unfortunate

political principles have rendered him very obnoxious to the patriots, and it is probable that our approach will cause a good deal of alarm in the family. Shall I not precede you to the house, and inform my father, in your name, that neither his person nor property will be in the slightest danger from my comrades?"

The general assented, and Alfred accordingly started on his mission of filial duty. Old Richardson, mindful of his conversation with Tarleton, during the preceding day, had just risen from his wakeful pillow, when he heard the tramp of horses across a little bridge not far from the house. Immediately he hurried to a window, and, looking out, exclaimed to Mrs. Richardson, "Here comes a party of the rebels, by gracious! And Marion's own gang, too, I dare be sworn, by their appearance!"

He then roared for Pompey to bring up an old musket, which, in anticipation of such occasions, he always kept well loaded with slugs and buck-shot, and, as he took aim with it from between the bowed shutters of a window, he exultantly observed, "Colonel Tarleton cannot question my loyalty when I show him the dead carcasses of a couple or so of rebels, shot by my hand! This fellow that comes galloping on ahead is their leader, I suppose; here's at him, in King George's name!"

The report of the musket still resounded through the air, when Alfred Richardson fell from his horse, and the green turf on which he lay grew crimson with the blood that flowed from his breast. In a moment General Marion and the agonized Letitia were kneeling upon either side of Alfred, Letitia supporting his head, while his comrades gathered around with faces of deep concern. A feeble pressure of her hand, and a look of intense tenderness, was all the assurance which the unfortunate youth could now convey to his betrothed, of a love "strong in death." Then, glancing upward, he saw drooping over him the flag beneath which he had fought, and, with a last exertion of his strength, he took hold of the ensign and pressed it fondly to his lips, while his heaven-ward gaze silently invoked a blessing upon that flag and the cause which it represented. His eyes then gently closed, and he sank into that long slumber from which not even Letitia's voice, as she now called wildly upon his name, had power to awaken him.

Old Richardson had just re-loaded his musket, when one of his servants, who had been working in the field, near enough to Alfred to recognize him, came rushing in to inform his master of the terrible effect of his first shot. The old man's mistaken zeal was not enough to sustain him beneath such a shock, and his mental faculties never recovered from its effects. He lived for several years afterwards, but in a state of melancholy stupor, bordering upon idiocy, and those who wished him best could not lament when he was released from so miserable an existence.

CHILDREN'S EATING.

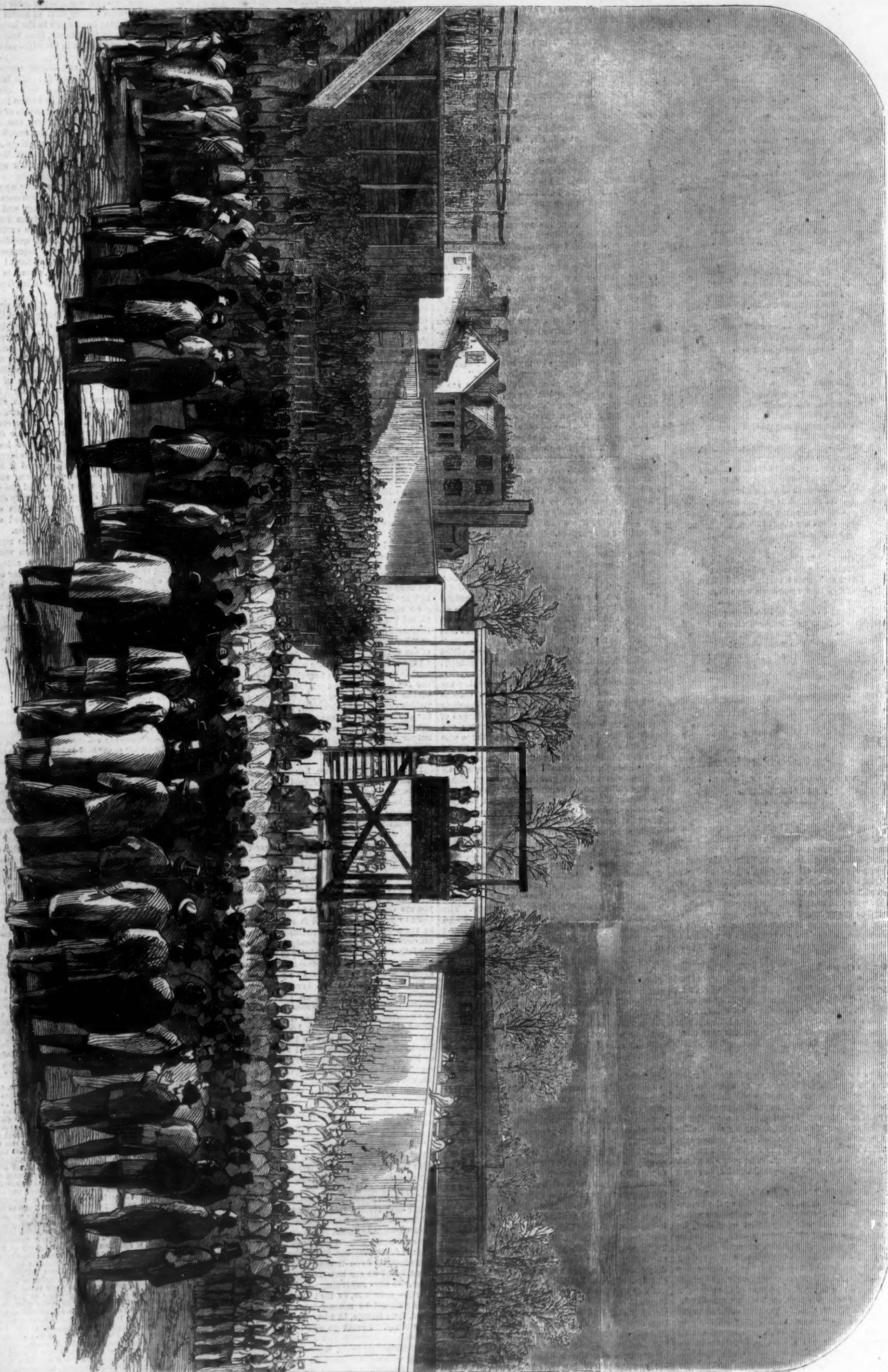
THIS is a subject of literally vital interest to every family in the land, more especially in large towns and cities, where the want of facilities and inducement to out-door activity makes it absolutely indispensable to adopt some system in reference to the time, quantities, and qualities of the food to be taken by children, for the want of attention to which things, multitudes die early, while other multitudes, not so large, however—for half of all that are born die before the age of eighteen years, in consequence mainly of inattention to the habits and health—become dyspeptic, acrofulous, or consumptive before the age of twenty-five, many of whom are destined to a life of weariness, of painful toil, and of wasting efforts for a living through sickness, and disease, and chronic sufferings.

On entering the fifth year, or sixth at farthest, a child can be easily habituated to eat at three regular times a day, at intervals of five or six hours, with nothing whatever between, except at a little past midway, a single good ripe apple, or a piece of cold, dry, coarse bread may be allowed to the less vigorous. Frequent eatings, at two or three hours' intervals, especially in connection with being in the house most of the time, induces many children into a life-long dyspepsia, simply because the stomach being kept at work all the time, has no rest, loses its tone and strength, like an overworked servant or animal, and wears out prematurely.

A second consideration is quantity. If children are taught to eat slowly, in loving good nature—as will be the case if they are let alone by their parents, and not put in an ill-humor by incessant reprimands and innumerable rules and regulations about a hundred and one contemptible trifles—they may generally be allowed for breakfast and dinner, to eat as long and as much as they want, if all the hard food is cut up carefully with a sharp knife into pieces not larger than a pea. This should be conscientiously and always attended to by one of the parents, for it cannot be safely trusted to one hiring out of a million; parental affection only will do it as it ought to be done.

At supper, children should always be controlled; let observation determine how much a child will eat, and leave something over, and then allow thereafter certainly not over two-thirds of that amount.

And now as to that most important of all items, quality of food for growing children. The instinct for sweetness is impossible; without it, any child, however healthy, will soon die, and, fortunately, the two things which children most love everywhere, and of which they never would get tired, and will always relish when hungry, are milk and bread, and these furnish as much sugar as any child needs. But no child can ever grow up healthy and handsome without good teeth, and as the permanent ones begin to be made from the fourth year, their food should contain in great abundance those elements which are needed for sound, durable teeth. The bony part of the tooth contains seventy-one per cent. of lime, the enamel ninety-four per cent. Out of one hundred parts of the finest, whitest flour, only six per cent. is lime; of one hundred parts of four made of the whole grain, there is twenty-five per cent. of lime, or four times as much; and no other general article of food contains anything like as much lime as common brown bread. Therefore, it is a reasonable conclusion that if children were to live largely on flour made of the whole product of the grain, in the shape of well made and well baked brown bread, very much would be done towards securing them durable and beautiful teeth. When children are from home, let them live as others; when at home their bread should be uniformly made of the whole product of the grain ground, from their third to their fifteenth year, to be eaten with half a pint of milk for breakfast and supper, adding some berries from June until September, and one or two baked apples the remainder of the year, adding a teaspoon or two of sugar. Such a supper or breakfast will always "taste good" to them. Such a bill of fare, with two or three variations a week, and allowing them to eat what they want for dinner, will pretty surely, other things being equal, give good health, good teeth, a good constitution, and a good old age.



EXECUTION OF CAPTAIN WIER AT WASHINGTON, FRIDAY, NOV. 10.



1. Foundering of Ship Mary. 2. Steam Steamer seen Ashore five miles from Caryport Reef. 3. Light Ship off Port Royal. 4. Hurricane at Havana. 5. Batt of Ship Mary. 6. Steamship Columbia in a Storm. 7. Steamship Republic.
STORMS AT SEA.

AGNES IN THE MOUNTAIN.

"Have you seen her since the morning? Ah! the sun rose red and lowering,
But the storm clouds gathered thickly, and the sky grew ashen gray,
And she wandered off at dawning, seeking flowers upon the mountain;
Now the night is falling darkly, yet she lingers on her way."

"She was ever wild and giddy, roaming off, we knew not whither,
Till our hearts grew glee with terror, but she never stayed so long;
When the vesper bell was pealing, we would see her home returning,
Pausing at the valley chapel, there to sing her vesper song."

"Have you seen her? We have sought her, but in vain, throughout the valley,
Now the night is falling darkly, and the sky looks fierce and wild.
Hear the wind's low stiffling moaning, and the mutter of the thunder;
If she be upon the mountain, Heaven guard our helpless child!"

Darker fell the night, and drearer, fiercer grew the storm and wilder,
While they sought the missing maiden, but their search was all in vain,
For the lightning mocked their torches, and the loud winds drowned their calling,
And their eyes were hurt and blinded by the sharply falling rain."

So the hours passed on in terror, till the storm had spent its fury,
And the first gray light of morning shone in promise of the day,
Then the sun uprose in splendor, filled the valley with its radiance,
And upon the purple summits like a golden glory lay."

Then again they climbed the mountain, searched each ledge, and cleft, and hollow,
"Pretty Agnes! gentle Agnes! she has perished in the storm."
So they spoke her name in whispers, with a reverent, tender softness,
Fearing in each rocky fissure there to find her lifeless form."

But a shout rose loud and thrilling, "Hasten, comrades! we have found her!"
And they paused before a cavern lined with moss and lichens gray;
From the cruel storm, protected, sleeping sweetly as an infant,
Smiling softly as she slumbered there, the little maiden lay."

Strong and tender arms upraised her, bore her gently down the mountain,
Laid her, still in quiet slumber, on her mother's waiting breast.
Then the dark eyes opened slowly, with a steadfast, childish wonder;
"Are they gone, the lovely spirits who were with me in my rest?"

Thus the peasants tell the story, how the little maiden, Agnes,
Lay unhurt upon the mountain all that night, so bleak and wild;
And they say the Virgin Mother, looking on a mother's sorrow,
Sent her angels down from Heaven to protect the helpless child."

Bound to the Wheel.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "GUY WATERMAN'S MATE," "REUBEN'S WAR," ETC.

CHAPTER XXXIV.—AN AWKWARD QUESTION.

"Didn't yer call me?" again demanded Bob, as he still held the unfortunate Sleuth by the throat. "Mercy!—mercy!"

"Bob!—warn't that your cry behind my back?"

Sleuth was growing black in the face, and absolutely unable even to reply by a single word to the questions put.

He glared up in his conqueror's eyes, and the conqueror glared down in his eyes; their hot breath mingling—their very veins, as it were, swelling and throbbing furiously against each other wherever they touched.

And then, when Sleuth thought his last moment had come, and he was growing faint and tasting the full bitterness of death, the savage grasp at his throat relaxed, without, however, letting go; and then, as he drew once more a live-giving breath, Bob laughed a loud laugh.

"Come, Mister Sleuth, second thoughts, they say, are best. I got a second thought; shall I tell you what it is?"

Seeing Sleuth too much exhausted to reply, Bob added:

"What shall I get by running my knife into your windpipe? Nothing. So sit up, Mister Sleuth, and be thankful that I ax you another question, and that you've got breath enough in your body to answer it. Have you now had enow of your pretty little games?"

"Yes, yes. It was wrong; it—"

"Wrong!"

"I confess, it was a shabby—"

"Rascally, say rascally!" and Bob, with a kind of glee, pricked Sleuth's thigh with the point of his knife.

"Rascally," burst from the startled Sleuth, as if thrown from him by a jet of unintended but irresistible force.

"You say it was a rascally trick to play your best friend?"

"I do."

"All right; I quite agree, Mister Sleuth. And now for the last thing ax I has got to say to you and your lying and murdering carcass. You spooney, to think I come here to such an appointment and carry the dockement about with me! I know all your little game now. That codicil was in my pocket, o' course, all ready for the handlin' of your murderous fingers. You'd only to trip me up with a bullet, and there I was, taken in, and lovely done for. Don't you go for to make any more sich mistakes, Mr. Sleuth. I left it with my friend—the friend as fit me up with things to sell, and paid my expenses, and sent me holt to make your fortin', you smooth-faced, white-washed beauty. Catch me a trustin' to you, and the likes of you. That ere codicil will be my ghost, and walk arter I'm dead and gone, if you do come down on me unawares. But folks say you're a dab at this ere game."

And then, stooping down, with a face that suggested to the startled Sleuth vague ideas of what might be coming, he whispered, in hoarse tones, that seemed to reverberate through the air, as if instinctively seeking to catch all ears, "Who killed the alderman, Mister Sleuth?"

How shall we describe the face, the look, the internal agitation, the outward pallor of Richard Sleuth, as he listened to Bob's question, and leaped, in thought, to the conclusion that the burglars knew what he had done, and that it was they who had informed Bob. For one single instant he was so paralyzed that he could not even guard himself by inventing an excuse to turn away his face; so that Bob was able to see and to appreciate the full force of his blow.

He did not spare Sleuth's feelings. On the contrary, he intensified them by his persistent look of sly, devilish knowingness; and Sleuth for a brief space felt all was lost—that he was in this man's power, and that henceforward his life would no longer be in his own hands, but in Bob's.

But this first terrible prostration of soul soon passed away; and though to him it seemed to have endured for a time so long in the suffering it brought that he was literally unable to measure it, his native cunning came to his aid, and whispered to him he had now no choice but boldness. And Richard Sleuth became bold, even while the first words dropped falteringly from his tongue.

"Will you repeat your question, Bob?" he said, with as much calmness as he could.

"No call for that, I should think. Leastwise, if I'd shot the old man, I shouldn't ha' wanted to be twice axed who did it!"

"Did I look surprised, Bob?"

"Rayther, Mr. Sleuth."

"I'm sorry for it."

"Shouldn't wonder," asserted Bob.

"I would rather you had asked any other conceivable question than that!" said Sleuth.

"I shouldn't wonder," again said Bob, but with a certain savage emphasis.

"And you think, Bob, you know why?"

"No I don't."

"No?"

"No; you're out there, Mister Sleuth; I don't think I know—I'm sure I know!"

Sleuth heaved a deep sigh, curved up his hands from the wrist just where they happened to be (before his heart), raised his eyes to heaven, and murmured:

"Poor Anthony! I'm sorry for you, even if you are guilty!"

"Dodgin' agin, Mister Sleuth!" asked Bob.

"Bob, I didn't think to have to speak to any human being as long as I lived on this subject, and I'd have given half my fortune, whenever it came into my hands, rather than I should have to speak of it; but you surprised me out of the truth, and now I must tell you what is the truth, so that you may make no horrible mistakes as regards me. Did you learn that the housekeeper saw a man in a white coat, just after the murder, going to a room where my uncle kept a safe with all his valuables?"

"Yes, I learned that."

"And did you learn that I had no such coat in my possession?"

"I was told that, too, but I warn't obliged to believe it; eh, Mister Sleuth?"

"Stop a bit, Bob; you and I'll be of one mind presently. Did you learn that just such a light coat was worn by my cousin Anthony that very night?"

"No, I didn't hear that."

"Ask, then—ask anybody—ask Anthony himself, if you like, for the fact can't be denied; and when you have satisfied yourself about that, you'll know why I was so staggered. And then, I might tell you—But spare me, Bob; it's a painful subject. He is my cousin, and after all, your friends, the burglars, may have themselves done the deed, almost without knowing it, in the hurry and confusion."

Such was Sleuth's method of parrying the deadly attack thus unexpectedly made upon him. But he was too cunning not to know that he must fortify what he had said, particularly after his own attempt on Bob, by very liberal dealing; so when Bob shook his head, and was evidently refusing to credit Sleuth's explanation, the latter plunged once more into the negotiations, and before five minutes the whole business was satisfactorily settled. Bob was to meet Sleuth next day in the same place, and then two documents were to be exchanged. The one was to be an undertaking to pay ten thousand pounds to Messrs. Slide and Sharple, in trust for Robert—(the name was left blank at Bob's request), commonly called Bob the Ostrler, within one week after Richard Sleuth, Esq., should have come into undisputed possession of the property of the late Alderman Maude, through the codicil which the said Bob had been the means of saving from destruction. This was one of the documents to be exchanged. The other, we need hardly say, was the codicil, which was to transfer at a stroke everything Anthony possessed to his cousin, Richard Sleuth.

"And when is this 'ere codicil to be discovered?" asked Bob, as he pondered over the fact that there might be a very inconvenient delay.

"Not a moment later, trust me, Bob, than I find safe. You must leave that to me. But now, as to your name. You had better put your right name into such a document as that—that is, if you want to have it legal."

Bob looked hard at Sleuth, then at his own dirty finger-nails, and then at his still dirtier boots, and seemed, just for a moment, to be thinking and doubting. But a villainous smile began to break out about his coarse lips, and illuminate with a sort of lurid light the rest of his face.

"You want my real name, Mr. Sleuth?"

"Not if you wish to conceal it, Bob."

"I ain't ashamed on it, Mr. Sleuth. Only I wish the old fellow was anigh us now, to hear what is that 'ere name. I should worry much like his sperrit to overhear me a saying to you, as I now say—Mister Sleuth, put into that 'ere dockement, a giving to me ten thousand pounds of the haldorman's money—put into that dockement, I say, the name of Robert Stonor! You spells it beautifully, S-T-O-N-O-R!"

"Bob, is it possible! You the husband of the alderman's daughter?"

"I'm the blackguard you talked on, Mister Sleuth. But I ain't a thinking on you. You're but a poor creature after all, Mister Sleuth. That's atween ourselves. Lord love yer! I wouldn't for the world say it to anybody else. Catch me! Don't I see his 'ighness is coming! Lord, how grand he looks! Squire Sleuth in his own kipeage! You won't mind condescending to let me lick your boots now, will yer?"

"Don't be a fool, Bob!"

"No; it ain't you I'm thinking on. But my old friend, the haldorman—my father-in-law, Mister Sleuth. Don't I love his memory! But I've done him at last, Mister Sleuth; and I'd like to tell him so, even though he is dead. Don't the parsons say we live arter death! Then, he's sure to be hereabouts, looking arter this money."

Sleuth gazed round, awe-stricken. But Bob went on—

"He swore I should never have a sixpence of his money. Now, you tell him, Mister Sleuth, if he's anywhere a listening—"

"Bob! for heaven's sake—"

"I mean in the sperrit, of course, Mister Sleuth. Tell him, I say, you are going to give me ten thousand pounds; and, if anything can make him speak you'll hear him a shrieking at that! Ten thousand pounds! That's what you've got to pay. Tell him you're hobligated to do it. That other unpleasant thing'll have to be investigated if you don't do it, honor bright, and correct to time. Tell him that, Mister Sleuth, when next you meet the ghost."

"But, Bob—Mr. Stonor—you know, then, about the child—a boy, I suppose?"

"Boy? Yes, and a devil's limb of a boy he is, be you sure of that. I can make nothin' on him."

"And where is he now?"

"Open your eyes, Mister Sleuth, or else you'll be a runnin' agin him, and hurtin' your nose. Haw! haw! haw! Good mornin', Mister Sleuth. To-morrow, at twelve. This 'ere same spot, where we made our other appointment. But mind, Mister Sleuth, no more little games when we meet."

"Trust me, Bob."

"Trust! hm! hm!" Bob looked at Sleuth, and roared again at the idea.

And so they parted; Sleuth feeling instinctively he had better try no more tricks upon Bob, but keep to the bargain they had made in good faith.

Soon after Stonor's back was turned, Sleuth heard wheels coming, and in a minute or two more he was grasping Anthony's hand, while Gibbs was unstrapping the portmanteau from the gig.

"Never mind me, old fellow," said Anthony, as his cousin gazed in his face with a look of anxious inquiry as to the cause of his gloom. "I'm out of sorts to-night, and besides, that Gibbs has given me a job I wasn't at all fit for."

"I couldn't but speak, sir," interrupted Gibbs.

"I never thought as you'd lay into him there and then."

"Lay into who?—what?" asked Sleuth in astonishment.

"That little beggar of an Esau," said Anthony, "Gibbs has been growling about him all the week, every time I came near him. He came grumbling to-night when we were getting this turn-out ready for you."

"And 'nough to make one, sir," put in Gibbs, "to see the young limb asleep and snoring, and never a finger bin-laid on the work I left him."

"And so you thrashed him?" asked Sleuth of Anthony.

"Yes; I was in no mood to stand it to night, so I thrashed him. It would have done me good if the little wretch had yelled; but, confound him! he was as quiet and still as a stone, and went off and laid down on some straw afterwards, and turned his face to the wall, in a way that made one's blood run cold. But we won't talk of that now. All the luggage right, Gibbs? And now, Dick, how are you. Anything particular turned up since you wrote?"

"No, nothing; but I'll tell you all about it."

"Not to-night, Dick—not to-night. I'm sick of this day; don't prolong it. Let's get home and put an end to it."

Sleuth, although he was by no means sick of the day and its results, remained silent, pondering over Stonor's suggestion, which seemed to point to Esau, and wondering whether he had better keep this knowledge to himself. And then Gibbs drove them homewards, at a rate that made

the old wheels groan, while the little gig from the "Magnet" was left lying by the wayside in the moonlight, to stir the imagination and quicken the steps of travelers who might chance to pass that way.

CHAPTER XXXV.—KINSMEN.

THE day Anthony had so much wished over passed away at last, but in dying, left its sadness and restlessness as a legacy to the night, through the long silent hours of which he thought and thought, by turns pitying and by turns reviling himself for what he suffered. Once he sat down at a writing desk—the same that in former days his uncle had habitually used, and for which, in consequence, Anthony had contracted a liking, in spite of its old-fashioned clumsiness, and re-read the letters from his cousins, and tried to realize the kind of life he had told Clarianna he should enter upon in India. To-night he could not get up the faintest enthusiasm for it. He disliked his mother's relations, who had never forgiven her for her marriage with his father the poor vicar; and he did not like them any better for having written directly they heard of his being the alderman's heir.

Anthony had one of the letters in his hand, and was bending dreamily over it, when he fancied he heard a slight noise at the door. He got up and listened near it, and, in the silence that followed, wondered whether he had been thinking of the stories Mrs. Milton used to tell them about the house being haunted by the ghosts of the British soldiers his uncle had helped to kill, and by the spirit of his poor cousin Nell, whom his uncle had never forgiven till her death. This last thought did not make Anthony smile as the first had done, but filled him with self reproach for having cared so little about the result of Sleuth's journey. He told himself that to-morrow he would hear his reports carefully, and if there should be the least clue to the finding of the child, he would himself set to work.

He was just turning away from the door, when he again heard the sound that had startled him, but this time quite distinctly. It was like a long breath or sigh, broken by a sharp sob.

Anthony opened the door. At first he saw nothing, which certainly made him a little nervous, being so sure of what he had heard. Then he heard the same thing again quite close to him, and, looking down, he saw something lying on the mat at his feet. He stepped back into his room rather quickly, took his candle from the table and brought it to the door, and there he saw, to his great astonishment, and certainly a little to his relief, Esau, doubled up on the mat and fast asleep.

"Poor little chap!" said Anthony, stooping down to look at him. "What on earth brought him here?"

His face was pale and streaked with tear stains, and his eyelids swollen and dark. The light falling on his face woke him, and he opened his eyes wonderingly upon Anthony, and then started up on his elbow.

"Why, Esau, Esau, whatever is this about?" asked Anthony.

Esau got up and stood rubbing his eyes.

"I think I fell asleep, sir," he stammered, in a broken voice.

"Yes, I saw that. But what did you come here for?" said Anthony. "Here, come inside and tell me."

He laid his hand on his shoulder, and drew him in and shut the door. Esau clung to the door-handle and turned his face away.

"Please sir, I'm sorry as I didn't do the work," he said, "I meant to do it all before they came home, but before I begun it I see him, and then I was obliged to keep out o' the way."

"Whom did you see?"

"Father."

"You saw your father?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, but you needn't be frightened; it's evident he doesn't want you, and you're all right here aren't you?"

"I dunno, sir; I'm afeard you didn't like doing that, sir."

"What, thrashing you?"

"Yes, sir. I'm afeard as you'll send me away next time instead o' foin' of it."

"Oh, nonsense! I hope the next time will never come. But I can tell you, Esau, you are right in that matter—I did not like it at all."

"I knowed that, sir; and that's why I wanted to come and say as—"

"As what?"

"As I was sorry you'd had to do it, sir; but I fell asleep while I was thinking of openin' the door."

"Well, now, be off to your bed and forget it."

"Please, sir, I'm locked in. I sleeps over the stables, sir. May I jest lay outside here till the mornin', sir?"

"No, no, no! Drag the mat inside, at all events. You shan't lay there like a dog."

The mat was drawn in, and laid at the foot of Anthony's bed, and Esau laid down upon it, and became as still as a mouse.

Anthony felt ashamed of reading letters and pacing up and down before the lad, so he also went to bed.

A long time after they had both been silent, Anthony said, gently:

"Asleep, Esau?"

And a voice answered:

"No, sir," in a tone that made Anthony smile, it was so full of perfect content and happiness.

"Good-night," said Anthony.

"Good night, sir," responded Esau, tremulously, as if in doubt as to whether he ought to answer at all.

Then they were both silent, and Anthony, in thinking how gently the wild young vagrant had borne his fit of passion, forgot his own troubles long enough to fall asleep; and in a few minutes the little kinsman at his feet—poor Nell's child—

sleep too—sleep sweetly, as if unseen spirits blessed him.

CHAPTER XXIV.—MORNING SUNSHINE AND MORNING CLOUDS.

THE next morning Anthony was awakened by a consciousness of some one standing by his bedside, and, opening his eyes he found it was Esau. He was also conscious of a delicate sweet scent that reminded him of Clarissa's room. In answer to his look of sleepy wonder, Esau pointed to his master's hand, and glancing down at it, Anthony, with a sudden rush of wakeful blood to his heart, became aware that he held a tiny note.

"How did this come?" he asked, lifting his eyes, brilliant, and soft, and eager, to Esau's face.

"Joe Branch brought it, sir."

"Joe Branch!" Anthony repeated, as if the name were music to him. "Go, Esau; run along and tell Mrs. Milton from me she is to make him stay breakfast with her."

When he was alone, Anthony looked at the note, turning it over and over, and holding it in both hands, as if he feared it might take wings and fly away from him, or vanish like the morning clouds of its own pale tint. Then he raised it to his lips and kissed it, and its perfume seemed to enter his very soul, and to caress it with answering tenderness.

He opened it at last, but the first glance at its contents brought a sudden hot blindness to his eyes. Who could it be writing to him thus? Not Clarissa—it could not be Clarissa who wrote to him, "Dear Mr. Maude." He looked at the signature. Yes, it was hers.

Dear Mr. Maude (she wrote), what I said to you yesterday I hardly know. Your last words made me forget my anger and the cause of it and everything. You said you could not forgive me for the words wrung from me in my outraged pride. Will it make any difference if I own to having passed a night of repentance for those words, whatever they might have been?

CLARISSA.

Sleuth had been waiting for breakfast one whole hour when Anthony entered the room.

"I was so glad you slept late," he exclaimed, advancing to meet him with outstretched hand and sympathizing look. "Why, Anthony, what's the matter? You look as if you were going to a wedding."

"Confound it!—yes, you're right, Dick—it would be absurd to wear these gloves. And this frill, too. It's rather late—but wouldn't you change it?"

"On no account—that is, I think not. But how should I know for what occasion?"

"Never mind that now, Dick. Let me tell you all about it when I come back. For the present, old fellow, give me your best wishes. You do, don't you, Dick?"

"Anthony, you know I do," said Sleuth, grasping his hand, and looking with uneasy curiosity into his face, bright, flushed, almost handsome with happiness.

"Yes, I do know it; and Dick, your time will come before long; and mind, no secrets from me on that matter; for I shall be awfully particular about her, old fellow—the future mistress of the old place, you know. Why, Phillis, Phillis, what's the matter?"

She had just entered with the coffee, and hearing Anthony's last words to Sleuth, had become so confused, that she let the tray droop forwards, so that the heavy, old-fashioned vessel toppled over, and fell to the floor.

"I wish you'd look where you're going, Phillis," said Sleuth, sharply. "The carpet will be perfectly ruined."

"Douse the carpet!" exclaimed Anthony, "the poor girl's crying. Come, come, Phillis, there's no harm done in the world."

He spoke so kindly that Phillis burst out afresh. "Godmother will be so angry with me!" she sobbed, as an excuse for her tears.

"Oh, tush, nonsense!" cried Anthony. "Make some excuse. Say that Mr. Sleuth knocked it over—that he wanted a kiss; or that I did, or anything you like. And here—here's something to buy a new apron with, for this that you've spoiled. There, now, don't fret any more. Good-bye, Dick!"

"Oh, Richard, Richard!" cried Phillis, when Anthony had gone. "What will he say—oh! what will he say when he knows?"

Sleuth did not condescend to answer her. He was watching to see his cousin ride off, and his face was full of envious curiosity and hatred.

CHAPTER XXV.—THE CASKET GIVES UP ITS TREASURE.

ANTHONY'S mare, Nell, was no more averse to breakfasting at Petersham than her master, and cleared the Eddington lanes at such speed, that each "shock-head" willow, before it could push off its night-cap of soft summer mist to see them, was left far behind. The lanes were certainly a little dusty, and a little hot; but this morning they disappeared so fast behind Nell's flying feet, and brought the dark belt of trees round Petersham so near, that Anthony was in no mood to complain of them.

Mr. Joseph Branch—who, by-the-by, must have got up in an accommodating mood this morning—had left his little door in the wall ajar, and here Anthony dismounted, led the mare through, and left her to find her own way to the stables.

He looked down the little path by the fruit-wall, but saw there only a noisy concourse of birds, arranging the division of a new-fallen peach, that lay blushing in the mignonette.

Then he went straight to the house—heard that the doctor was not yet up, but that Miss Pompey was in the breakfast room. He declined the servant's offer to announce him, and ran up, hardly feeling the stairs beneath his feet.

Another minute and he was close behind Clarissa's chair.

The poodles lying asleep on the doctor's crimson leg-rest had not been disturbed by his entrance; the pouting-lipped Clarissa on the wall was smiling at him; but the Clarissa by whom he stood sat, leaning her cheek on her hand, looking out into the sunny garden, all unconscious of his presence. Her other hand was close to John Harris's casket, which stood open on a little table beside her. It stood open, and how could Anthony help looking into it? or how, when he saw it empty, could he keep his eyes from seeking for its contents, and finding them, at last, on Clarissa's lap? A few dead flowers only; but they still kept in their decay a form and character that Anthony could recognize instantly. He knew the jasmine wreath that he had got from the river-wall, though it was now all twisted round, and tied together with a bit of blue ribbon; he knew it well. And the spray of dead heath that he had dropped in her room that morning, when her father sent him in to see her—"The fair Clarissa" Heath—he knew that when he saw it, for he had mused many hours over its scented bells, each of which had shaken out for him, in silent music, a most pleasant dream. But had those bells ever been as eloquent as now, when they lay crushed, and dry, and withered? There was the rose, too, which he had gathered at her request yesterday, at the beginning of the ride, in a surly fashion, and the sight of which now touched him more than all the rest. The feeling that came over him as he stood there—the feeling, partly of deep joy and partly of alarm, lest she might be very indignant and angry at having her secret surprised—reminded him of a little incident of his childhood. On one of Anthony's birthdays he and his uncle had a frightful quarrel, and Alderman Maude had the satisfaction of hearing all his favorite oaths blurted out at him, in a torrent of baby rage from Anthony's lips. In his anger and dismay he struck the child, who flew at him, and set the marks of his teeth in his clenched hand. The hand was opened with pain, and there in it Anthony saw an exquisite little toy, which he knew had been intended for him. Even then, in his fifth year, he understood his uncle well enough to know the shame he would feel at his intended present being found out in the midst of their quarrel. He flung himself down at his feet in a passion of remorse, seized one of them round the ankle, and would not be shaken off, but let the alderman drag him along as he walked across the room. He even clung tighter when his uncle threatened to go down stairs, and at last the old man relented, and there was a reconciliation as passionate as the quarrel.

The feeling with which he now looked on those dead flowers, was much the same as that with which he had regarded the crushed toy in his uncle's great hand all those years ago. He had felt grieved for his uncle's shame at the discovery, and now he felt, in the midst of his joy, a pang of grief for the shame which he knew Clarissa would suffer when she should find him there. He longed to humble himself before her as he had humbled himself before his uncle that day—to fall at her feet there in the sunshine, and refuse to rise till she had forgiven him.

It might have been that his hand on the back of her chair trembled at that minute, or it might have been that the eye of one of the white poodles, directing its gaze at something over her shoulder, caused Clarissa to look up, or it might have been merely a sudden instinct that made her do so; however that might be, she did look up, and met Anthony's eyes, full of trouble and delight. She became very pale, and rose slowly, letting the dead leaves rustle to the floor, and as Anthony looked at them and at her, he felt he had but weakly imagined what her shame and anger would be. Her lips were set firmly together, and her eyes, gazing straight into his, had the half-threatening, half-pleading look of the wild deer when it finds its day's flight has been in vain, and the evening brings it face to face with its pursuer. He felt that her eyes at once commanded him and entreated him to take no notice of the secret he had surprised, and Anthony still had that passionate wish that he might make it seem to her he had not seen or guessed her secret; but as the cold, flashing blue eyes grew more and more defiant and haughty, he became less tender over her shame, and more and more exultant over his own delight.

Putting his foot on the dead flowers, he took her hands, and made her sit down again, and then he sat beside her, quietly holding her hand. Clarissa knew that her hand trembled, and that her face, though haughty and erect still, was no longer pale; but her pride whispered her that though she could no longer keep her secret, she might best punish him by her coldness for having found it out. She thought of her vehement speech yesterday in the woods, and asked herself how she could bear the humiliation of his knowing it was all false, and that the accusation he had dared to make had been true after all. She thought of this, and tried to call up to her lips some chilling, crushing speech, that should hurt his pride, and put an end to his joy and triumph at once and for ever. While sentence after sentence presented itself, and was rejected for not being cold and bitter enough, she felt Anthony's arm slip from the back of her chair round her, and Anthony's breath on her cheek, and she turned and looked at him, feeling that this should give her inspiration to speak without her seeking any longer for words. But the eyes that she met were so free from any triumph and joy—were so tender and wistful in their passionate, pleading gaze—that she became utterly confused. She gazed back into them helplessly, even though they came nearer and nearer to her; and then, when she saw tears rising into them, instead of her angry speech there came only tears on her own face, and a sweet, quivering smile on her lips.

Anthony knew, by those slowly-cooling tears, that her pride was bleeding to death in her eyes, and he made a darkness for it to die in by drawing

the head to him, and keeping the tender lids shut with his lips.

The eyes rewarded him at last by looking up into his—not with a smile, or with tears, but with a gaze full of the sweet solemnity of perfect love. And it satisfied him, and he was very still—wondering, asking almost in prayer, whether such joy as his might live.

Neither could ever recall how long they had sat thus, before they were startled by the doctor's loud, amazed, and angry—

"Hem!"

And looking up, beheld him standing at the door, and accompanied by Mr. Robertson.

THE STORMS AT SEA.

THE latter part of the month of October will be memorable in the annals of the sea, as having produced some of the most terrible storms within the memory of the mariner. Our coast is strewed with wrecks, and the neighborhood of Florida and the West India Islands has been fairly swept.

We have endeavored, as far as the pencil can give an idea of the terrors, to illustrate the destruction of our shipping.

The first upon the list is the ship *Mersey*, of Liverpool, which foundered off Cape Canaveral on Thursday, the 23d of October. On the 26th four of the crew were picked up, on a raft, by the U. S. steamer *Newbern*, and these are supposed to be all that are left from the passengers and crew.

The men were in a dreadful condition, having been in the water so long a time (four days). Their clothes were all washed off them, their legs very much swelled from the action of the salt water, and they had attempted to quench their thirst by sucking the blood of one of their number, a large wound in whose arm was a testimony to the fact. They were made as comfortable as possible on board, clothing, etc., being furnished them.

The next on the list is a steamer, name unknown. She went ashore five miles south of Caysford Reef, and almost as soon as she struck, commenced going to pieces. As the storm abated she was seen by the steamship *Vera Cruz* inside the breakers, surrounded by wreckers, which is equivalent to being in the hands of pirates, and a total loss.

The steamship *Columbia*, which sailed from New York on the 19th ult., was overtaken by the gale the day after her departure, and until her arrival at Havana, on the 26th, encountered a succession of storms. On the third day out the steamship tossed to and fro, and it seemed every moment that she would be engulfed by the ocean. Three horses, out of four, which were on board, were washed overboard. Shortly after, the room of the purser was very much damaged by water, and many of his papers were carried away. Many other things which were on deck at the time and exposed to the gale were swept overboard. The ship careened so, that the lamps of the cabins fell down and darkness prevailed, thereby causing great consternation among the passengers, especially among the ladies. The captain and the pilot were present everywhere in time of need. It was once thought that both had been swept overboard by the waves.

The second engineer stood, with pistol in hand, to prevent the firemen from leaving their places when they intended to go on deck, frightened by the storm. The light-ship off Port Royal is entirely carried away, and all on board lost.

At and about Havana, the storm was fearful, and the harbor strewn with wrecks, either made upon the spot or of those that had dragged their shattered remains to that place for shelter.

The steamship *Republic* from New York to New Orleans, sailed on the 18th ult. Captain Hawthorne gives this account of the loss.

"Through Monday night, off the latitude of Havana, the wind increased, and the sea rising, were obliged to put head to the gale; blowing from E. N. E. Tuesday—Blowing a hurricane; machinery gave out; could not get the wheels over the centre; washed away bulwarks and paddle boxes. Wednesday morning—Still blowing; heavy sea running; captain ordered to throw the between deck cargo overboard, which we commenced immediately, breaking out boxes and passing them up through the hatches—one gang forward, the other aft; we now found that the donkey boiler had given out, and the ship was making water very fast. At one o'clock P. M. the captain ordered a raft to be built, which was done by taking three spars and lashing them in triangular form, fastening them with double lashings; then put boards across each way, three thicknesses, and lashed it overboard. Boats were then cleared away. Captain had in his, thirteen; first mate, seventeen; second mate, twelve; I had in my boat twenty-three; two men were on the wreck, the balance on the raft. Her crew numbered forty-two, thirty passengers, two stowaways. At half-past four P. M. she broke amidships and sank. As we had no observation for a couple of days, it was very uncertain where we were. According to the course steered by me she must have been well to the eastward, as I run, from eight o'clock that night, before the sea and two cars pulling, about a west by south course, at the rate of three miles an hour, and left the Gulf at six P. M. on Thursday, abreast of Edisto Inlet. At noon on Friday, 27th, sighted schooner *Willie Dill*, of Birby & Co's line of Port Royal packets, commanded by Captain Gordon, who received us on board and treated us very kindly until we arrived at Port Royal. There was a report that all but the second mate's boat and the raft had been picked up, and two steamers were to be dispatched to look for them on Sunday night from Port Royal."

These are only a small portion of the terrors of the sea that occurred during this memorable week. Our insurance admit that many years have passed since so heavy a drain has been made on their coffers, and the deep sea will attest the life and treasure that has gone to feed her cavernous maw. It is a story that in a great measure will be for ever untold.

THE CONSTANTINOPLE FIRE DEPARTMENT.

Just now, when the principal cities of the world are waging great wars in their fire departments, it will be of interest to know how far off places are progressing in their efforts to extinguish conflagrations.

It is well known that the city of Constantinople has always been affected in a chronic way by fire. A conflagration of 1,000 houses is not an uncommon occurrence, and within one year four fires have occurred, the largest of which consumed 600 houses. Of course, under these circumstances, it is natural to inquire what means they have taken to put down their great enemy. The question is answered by saying that

up to within a few months, that great city has depended on the bucket system that went out with our grandfathers, and at an alarm which, possibly, before a dozen buckets could be brought to bear, would have a hundred houses in a blaze, there were not more than a dozen two gallon buckets to quench it.

Now they have adopted a mode of extinguishment, the old French mode, which to our eyes looks little better than a pocket syringe. The method which they have taken up from the French, is just about to be, or is just, discarded by the city of Paris in favor of the English method. It is simply a hand engine carried upon the shoulders of men, and is entirely dependent upon the promiscuous crowd to operate.

At an alarm of fire, the *soldier* or policeman announces it by crying, as with us in the olden time. At this the engines are seized by the first able-bodied men who appear, and are hurried to the fire. They have certain regular *attaches*, but these are seldom on hand when wanted; the only ones that seem of real use being the *sapeurs pompiers*, who act as handlers of axes, or superintendents of ladders.

We suppose that the day is rapidly coming when American engines will find their way to Constantinople, as they already have to London and Paris, and show the Turks that fires are an unnecessary luxury.

FUN FOR THE FAMILY.

THE young woman who fainted away has been told by her family that it would be more delicate for her to faint at home.

UPON WHAT "LINE" HAVE THE GREATEST NUMBER OF ACCIDENTS HAPPENED?—Upon the C.R.L.N.O. line.

AN old lady being asked to subscribe to a newspaper, declined, on the ground that when she wanted news she manufactured it.

MRS. PARTINGTON makes Shakespeare say: "Sweet are the uses of advertisements." It's so, if Shakespeare didn't say it.

Go down upon one knee only to a young lady. If you go down upon both, you may not be able to escape quick enough in case of the appearance of an enraged father.

AN editor, speaking of spiritualism, says: "We don't believe in any medium except the 'circulating medium,' and that has become so scarce that our faith in it is shaky."

AN exquisitely dressed young gentleman, after buying another seal to designate his delicate person, said to the jeweler that "he would like to have a seal something engraved on it—ah to denote what he was."

"Certainly, certainly; I will put a cypher on it," said the tradesman.

CHARACTER doesn't depend on diet. The ass eats thistles and nettles, the sharpest of food, and is the dullest of animals.

A medical man asked his legal adviser how he could punish a servant who had stolen a canister of valuable snuff.

"I am not aware of any act," said the lawyer, "that makes it penal to take snuff."

A widow who had just lost her husband, was weeping bitterly for the dear departed. A friend tried to console her.

"No, no," said the fair mourner, "let me have my cry out; after that I shan't think anything about it."

QUESTION by the defendant's counsel: "Did my client enter into a positive agreement to marry you?" Answer: "Not exactly; but he courted me a good deal, and he told my sister Jane that he intended to marry in our family."

"WHAT are you reading that interests you so much?" inquired a gentleman visiting the house of a friend of his daughter.

"A book papa says mother mustn't read," was the unembarrassed reply.

HERE is an eruption from Mr. Punch: "Why did the Greeks do more than any other nation to retard the progress of the fine arts?" Because they supplied lots of Phidias (of hideous) statues.

SMITH and Brown running opposite ways round a corner, struck each other.

"On dear," said Smith, "how you made my head ring."

"That's a sign it's hollow," said Brown.

"Didn't your ring?" said Smith.

"No," said Brown.

"That's a sign it's cracked," replied his friend.

THE Rev. Dr. Gilliland was, one winter night, sailing from Liverpool to Glasgow. A foppish youth resolved to enjoy some light conversation with the Scottish parson.

"Pray, doctor, can you tell me why that is called the dog-star?" said the youth, pointing in the direction of that luminary.

"Because it is a sky-terrier, I suppose," was the witty reply.

A MAN in this city, who had never expressed a very high opinion of "Blue Noses," married a Nova Scotia girl. Some time after, a Nova Scotia acquaintance who knew his former opinion, said to him:

"I suppose you have changed your mind, now that you have a 'Blue Nose' wife?"

"Not by a darned sight!" was the reply of the husband, who declined making any further explanations.

Nor long since a fire-eating Irishman challenged a barrister, who gratified him by an acceptance. The duellist, being very lame, requested that he might have a prop.

"Sure, now," said he, "I lean against this millstone?"

"With pleasure," replied the lawyer, "on condition that I may lean against the next."

The joke settled the quarrel.

THE sieve through which the man strained every nerve, is for sale at cost price.

"SMALL thanks to you," said a plaintiff to one of his witnesses, "for what you said in this case."

"Ah, sir," replied the conscious witness, "but just think of what I didn't say."

A HARD CASE.—To be shipwrecked, and cast upon an uninhabited island without a shilling in your pocket.

THE gentleman who borrowed an oyster knife to open an account at his banker's with, is anxious to meet with a patent corkscrew to draw a cheque.

"MART," asked Charles, "what animal dropped from the clouds?" "The rain dear," was the whispered reply.

A FEW weeks ago an amusing incident took place in one of the most splendid of the New York hotels. A southern gentleman was a boarder in the house, but not wishing to take his meals at the *table d'hôte*, had them served in his own room, with all the elegance for which the establishment is noted. Being somewhat annoyed with the air of one negro servant who waited on him, he desired him, one day at dinner, to retire. The negro bowed, and took his stand directly behind the gentleman's chair. Supposing him gone, it was with some surprise that, a few minutes after, the gentleman saw him step forward to remove the soup.

"Fellow," said he, "leave the room, I wish to be alone."

"Excuse me, sars," said Cuffee, drawing himself up stiffly, "but I am responsible for de silver."

A MODERN BOAR HUNT IN BAVARIA.

MATTERS of the chase are come to rather tame pass in our day. Daring has given place to dodging in this as in so many other things, and the cunning of the arm with the spear has become supplanted by the cunning of the eye with the rifle.

Thanks to the genius of a Snyder, we can more than imagine the boar hunt of former times, otherwise the powers of fancy might have stretched in vain from our present mode of giving such a brute the quietus to that period when, in his gnashing fury, a course was rent through besetting assailants, or a breathing-space secured by strewing the ground with their mangled bodies.

Let us start, then, at Aschaffenberg—the Fontainebleau of his Bavarian majesty—and even speak of the warning injunctions our Frankfurt host gave about the great forest that lay in our way.

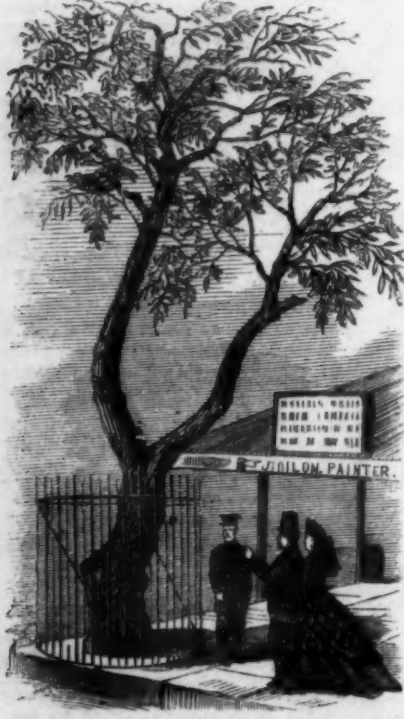
On we went, and at last—Oh, welcome sound!—the barking of a dog proclaimed man's dwelling-place, and then the glimmering of a light created quite a glow of satisfaction within me. It was the half-way inn of which I had been told, and for which I had been looking out most longingly. After stamping the snow from my feet, I entered as joyously as ever be-nighted traveler did in this world, though to my surprise I found the Stube fully occupied by a set of fierce Jägers, smoking, drinking and playing cards.

A little largesse from my tobacco basket won me the cordial fraternity of these heroes, and on my intimating a desire to see something of the morrow's proceedings, it was met in a right spirit, and, although none of the royal family were about to assist in the piece, I learned that the grand forest-master, or Jagt Junker, with certain dons of state were to be present. It was, moreover, to be a boar hunt, and the game being already marked down, I was given to understand that it would be a regular hog battue, and that at least a score of the bristly race would crown the day's work. Here, then, was something irresistible, and I dare say my ears waxed larger, and perhaps longer, under all this; but certain misgivings were not to be staved off, and, on my touching upon the quantum of risk to be incurred, one of the party began to reassure me after this fashion:

"The great point, mein Herr, in hog sport, is presence of mind. Keep fast by that, and when a hog makes towards you, keep upright—that is, stand firm on your legs; for if you lose presence of mind down you go, in your fears, like a drowning man, and he instantly rips you up, whilst by standing stoutly on end he can only lay your legs open."

"Lay the legs open, did you say?" was my prompt query, not exactly comprehending—or, rather, being strangely posed by—this form of instruction.

"Ja wohl," said my instructor, suppressing an evident inclination to smile; "with a bit of a jerk right



OLD STUYVESANT PEAR TREE, CORNER OF 13TH STREET AND THIRD AVENUE.

and left of his tusks," exemplifying the *modus operandi* by a very significant action of his own pardoned scone, "he'll just lay one leg after the other open—perhaps only one—but so cleanly and smartly that all heels in a very short time."

"Ha! some consolation certainly," I said, half-humoring what I perceived was at the bottom a sort of joke; "but with no mind to subject my legs to the healing powers, I would rather avoid this lesser evil, and keep my presence of mind to divert mischief which does not come exactly of my own seeking."

"Schen gut (good), mein Herr," said a general laugh, "and the chances are that you will come to no mischief at all, yet it is better to understand the case in its bearings; and what I say is to meet that one chance of the boar's breaking the ring and coming bolt at you; for if you suffer yourself to be knocked over for want of this presence of mind, with one stroke of his tusk there is an end of you."

"A pure joke, sir," broke in another, rising from his seat, and taking the middle of the floor. "Look at this little skewer," displaying a *couteau de chasse* with a good foot of double-edged blade. "He must clear a ring of these after the round of rifles; and, mind you, we don't give him much way between us; but just offer him the point of this to pick his teeth with, and nine times out of ten he dashes



MAJOR-GENERAL LORENZO THOMAS, ADJUTANT-GENERAL UNITED STATES ARMY.

out, and gets it too near home to require anything further. So keep in rear of one of us, mein Herr, and devil a scratch will you get."

To this the senior of the party nodded full assent, and I went to bed fully determined to profit by this opportunity of seeing, for the first time in my life, a boar hunt.

My dreams were rather disturbed by a phantasmagoria in which, of course, the *lité de sanglier* figured very conspicuously. All I had ever seen of boar hunts on canvas, with disemboweled dogs for accessories, became also displayed in such a striking light before my sealed eyes, that I need hardly say I was soon in a far worse predicament than even poor Actæon himself, for boars, as well as dogs, had me down. But realities often step in to deliver us when too much oppressed with the ideal world, and I awoke under the maltreatment of the pack to find one of the friendly Jägers shaking me, with a gentle reminder that if I "really was for the sport," I had better get up, as they would all be off shortly to meet the forest-master.

I found the party reinforced, and some large hounds made their appearance in coupling-chains, whilst Schnapps was going the round, and, the better to enlist the stalwart band in defence of their neophyte, I directed an additional round to be served out on my account.

Many rogues, rough-looking attendants were also lounging about and sipping the early dram; for, though not of a very gentle order themselves, these Jägers formed a class of superiors, as the doffed hat and abashed look of these their serving men plainly told. The dress of this Jäger corps, though varying in some instances, was of dark gray, faced with green, tunic form, and caught in at the waist with a girdle, from

which hung the trenchant *couteau de chasse*. Most of them wore small felt hats of dark green, fitting closely, and with a tuft of black feathers in the band. Some had whistles made of the boar's tusk, and I observed one with a boar's scone in brass on his shoulders, from which distinction I set him down as a sort of head keeper or lieutenant of the force. But what struck me most in this really fine body of rangers was the enormous moustache nearly every one exhibited.

I have seen some stiff beards in my day, but I think I never met with such a display of the *cuncta supercilio* as I did among these Bavarians, for, without exaggeration, the poorest of the lot would have furnished material enough for a good-sized hearth-brush.

The chief Nimrod made his appearance at a point about an hour's walk off, where there was a large ring of lofty beeches, with such a gateway as no doubt led to some woodland château. His party, mustered about half-a-dozen, and though I could see they were all men of rank, there was nothing in their equipment that denoted style or superiority.

There was a score of good rifles at least, besides a respectable contingent of muskets, and as nearly all carried the *couteau de chasse* as well, I thought the turnout must have little in it, or the boar be, of a truth, a very curious customer, if we poor defenceless devils of the outer squad came to grief.

After a short chat, and a cursory survey of arms and appliances, the force broke up into detachments, and certain instructions were given to each petty leader as they moved off one after the other for their respective beats, or, as I concluded, to form so many segments in the great starting circle. Each party also took off its contingent of followers, and my eye being on my old friend, he beckoned me as his own particular recruit,

and I fell in and followed a portion of his company. I began, however, to review the matter in my own mind *de nouveau*; and, certes, the chance of an awkward rip did not appear quite so remote, under this detailed order of movement, as if it had been *en gros*.

But I was now in for it, and, "being in," you know what Shakespeare says about getting out, though, as guidance for others, I would just here recommend a traveler to keep his onward path, and not volunteer into strange service, or get into positions which may lead either to danger or difficulty.

The mast and dead leaves became drifted into such dolls and hollows as the ground offered, and, with a crisp covering of snow, we very soon found ourselves ploughing our own path knee-deep, and with a gentle intimation from our leaders that the animals with whom our business lay might turn up at any moment.

Indeed, my own especial corporal gave me a nod to this effect, and was just adding, "Now we hit on something," when a sonorous "Guff!" that would have startled the seven sleepers broke on my ear, and beneath a kick-up of leaves and snow I beheld a snout and bristly mane cutting along at a furious rate in the foreground. "Bang!" went my old friend's rifle. "Guff! guff!" A bang left and another right were followed by a loud "Guffee!" and in the next minute one of the Jägers was drawing the dead animal our way, with a short bit of stick passed through the snout, and a trail of blood in the rear. It was a sow of about two years old, with but little of the formidable, and not much of anything else that I could see save bristles and a loose, flabby carcass—hideous, however, withal—and such a strange disproportion of head, and so malignant the grin even in death, that it hardly looked like any earthly creature.

They are of a dingy iron-gray, these wild swine, inclining to rust color about the belly and the inner side of the legs, but there is a pricking up of the bridge of the snout caused by the tusks which gives them a most diabolical expression of ferocity, and their coating stands out sharp as wire, and shows shaggy as they lie upon the snow.

We now heard the rifles cracking away in more than one direction, so that the forest forces were beginning to concentrate; and from a little variation in the "guff" notes the grunters were evidently becoming alive to their position, and whatever the other parties to these presents might feel, I, on my own part and behalf, began to entertain certain feelings of anxiety about the probable upshot of these boarish battle-notes when the full herd got into grand chorus, and were driven to a last desperate stand. Nor was my concern any less for the assurance my old chaperon gave at this crisis, that we had got two or three first-rate boars in the circle, and might look forward to a smart battue, or what he called "a pretty piece of pastime."

The plot was certainly thickening, and its dénouement not far off, since the converging powers were making their progress distinctly audible, and the lesser fauna



WOLFE'S MONUMENT, PLAINS OF ABRAHAM, QUEBEC.

began to squib about in our front as though the ends of the earth were coming together. We had had above an hour of steady advance on our side, and though it might be difficult to determine the extent of area upon which the different sections radiated, I judged the focus they now came to at about a mile in circumference. It was pretty clear of trees, and from there being a made-up patch of cover, like a bed of reeds and withered fern, full in the centre, I required no intimation as to why we now halted or where the grand performance was about to take place. Indeed, there came enough of tuning and pitching pipes from that piece of middle screen-work to afford all the intimation that was requisite, and the position of the enemy's orchestra settled, I looked out for our own first fiddlers, the forest-master and chiefs of our *dramatis personæ*.

There appeared also a blank in the circle, one segment short of the round, but I could hear its approach; and from a show of activity in that quarter, the leading actors were doubtless about to make their debut there. And so it proved, and so the ring became complete, the entire force presenting about fifty men armed, who took up ground at about the same number of paces from each other, whilst attendants, followers, and a few straggling fools like myself might count a hundred. These showed front in the rear, and between the intervals, though, for my part, I made up my mind to show no front at all & it came to anything serious, since, with my equipment, I might as well maintain front before Beelzebub with a bulrush in my hand. Most of the other secondaries bore some sort of weapon, and one near me held an axe over his shoulder, and was evidently a woodman.

(Continued)



A MODERN BOAR HUNT IN THE FOREST OF BAVARIA.



THE FIRE DEPARTMENT OF CONSTANTINOPLE—RUNNING TO THE FIRE.

MAJOR-GEN. LORENZO THOMAS, Adjutant-Gen. of the United States.

ONE of the greatest errors into which civilians fall, is the belief that greatness in a general is only to be achieved in the field.

It was one of the strongest axioms of Napoleon, that he could find fighting officers everywhere, but executive ones nowhere. In other words, that bravery was the rule, not the exception, and that it only required a brave man for a fighting officer, while it required the highest of executive and business qualities to make one that could put armies in the field and organize them.

We do not premise this as applying especially to the case of Major-General Lorenzo Thomas, the exception being, that this able soldier, having reached the highest position of his department from the lowest commissioned rank, is indebted for several of his steps to distinguished gallantry in the field.

Gen. Thomas was born in the town of New Castle, State of Delaware, on the 26th of Oct., 1804. His father, Evan Thomas, though born in the same State, was of Welsh extraction, while his mother, Elizabeth Sherer, was of English blood, her ancestors having come to this country in the middle of the 17th century. She was related to the Randolphs, and through her veins flowed some of the famed blood of Pocahontas.

Lorenzo Thomas entered the Military Academy at West Point, Sept. 1st, 1819; graduated July 1st, 1823, and was appointed Second Lieutenant in the 4th Infantry, with that date; First Lieutenant, March 17th, 1829; Captain, Sept. 23d, 1836; Major, Jan. 1st, 1848. The foregoing being regimental commissions, which latter was declined, from the fact that he already bore the same rank upon the general staff. On the 7th of July, 1838, he was appointed Assistant Adjutant-General, with the rank of Brevet-Major, and Lieutenant-Colonel by brevet, Sept. 23d, 1846, for gallant and meritorious service at the battle of Monterey; Lieutenant-Colonel, July 15th, 1862, which brings him down to the opening of this rebellion.

It will be remembered, that at the opening of this rebellion, Samuel Cooper, a New Yorker, was Adjutant-General of the United States, with the rank of Colonel, that being at the time the highest rank held in that department. Cooper, a Northern born man, resigned, and went over to rebellion, while Lorenzo Thomas, Southern born, clung the closer to his flag and country, and found a part of his reward in an elevation to the vacancy, first in March 7th, 1861; as Brevet Brigadier-General, May 7th, and Brigadier-General, August 3d, of the same year, while, on the 13th of March, 1865, he was made Major-General by brevet, for gallant and meritorious services during the war with the rebellious States.

What those services were, would require a volume to recount. They are identified with the history of the country, and as time blows away the cloud of battle smoke that hangs over the great achievements of the war, the work of this great man will stand out in bold relief upon its pages.

Of his early service, it will only be necessary to say, that it was rendered in Florida, two years of the time as Adjutant of his regiment; in Georgia and Alabama, in the Creek and Seminole nations; also, in Louisiana and Mississippi, reaching up to the year 1833, when he was detailed in the Adjutant-General's office on the recommendation of Gen. Twiggs to Gen. Jones, who then filled that office, the young lieutenant at that time showing his executive talent while recruiting for his regiment in Philadelphia.

In the years 1836-7, he took part in the war against the Seminole Indians, and established the important depot at Tampa Bay; also acted as chief of staff to Major-General Zachary Taylor, in his Indian campaign of 1839-40. In the

war with Mexico, he acted as chief of staff to Major-General William O. Butler. When General Scott was relieved, General Butler took supreme command, still retaining his chief of staff, from which he was transferred to the same exalted position on the staff of General Winfield Scott, and so continued until the breaking out of the rebellion, and his appointment

Thomas in the organization of 80,000 blacks into serviceable troops, a labor of two and a half years, in the midst of difficulties that would have appalled any but the quiet, indefatigable worker who had the mission in hand.

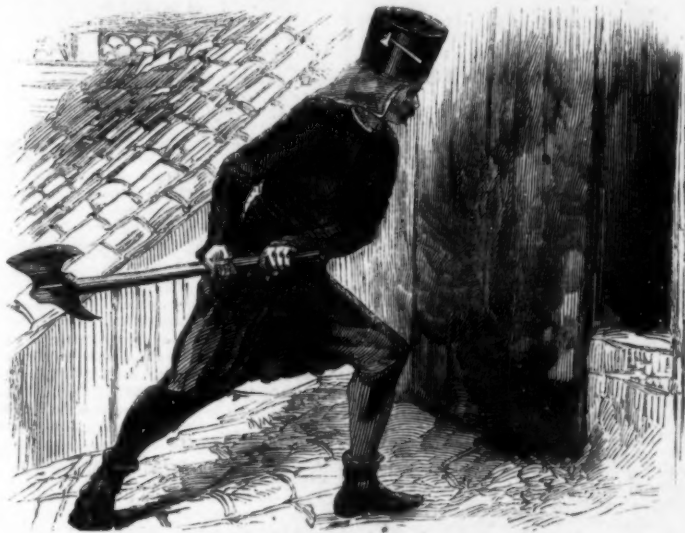
He went to the Ohio and Mississippi to find the land swarming with the freedmen, of every age, sex and con-

Thomas held the power to enforce his acts, without appeal, but he chose rather to place the matter before the sound good sense of his countrymen in arms, and his judgment in doing so is shown by the universal success of his work, an end that never could have been accomplished by force. From Memphis to Corinth, 160 miles, he addressed the troops 15 times, taking the ground, positively, that the blacks must be received and protected, even though in doing so every white officer was dismissed and every private punished. That the blacks must be used for garrison purposes while the skilled and intelligent white must do the duty adapted to his intellect and called for by his country.

The eloquence and business skill of Gen. Thomas carried the day, and the result was the organization of 80,000 able-bodied negroes into regiments, an organization that turned the tide of war through all that section, and relieved the Government of one of its most difficult problems. He sent relief to thousands of starving women and children, and changed the entire condition of a people. It is gratifying to know that in this important mission Gen. Thomas had the unqualified assistance of Gen. Grant, and of Gen. Dodge, commanding in that Department.

The enthusiasm of the worker made him careless of his physical welfare, and the result was that almost with the conclusion of his labor he was stricken with sickness and borne home where for a long time he hovered between life and death, but was happily spared to see the results of his labor. The name of him who as Adjutant-General of the great armies of the United States, through a long and exhausting war, may not be daily blazed through all the press, but his sacrifices and labors will make a page in history of which the greatest may well be proud.

In person Gen. Thomas is tall and erect, with a rather mild and benevolent cast of face. The traveler upon the streets of Washington would hardly believe that the plain and unassuming gentleman passing him is the one who holds so much of the fate of our great armies in his hands.



CONSTANTINOPLE FIRE DEPARTMENT—SAPPEUR POMPIER.

as Adjutant-General. During this time he accompanied General Scott to the Pacific coast to settle our difficulties with Great Britain, relative to the Island of San Juan.

The crowning act of a life of arduous toil and exposure in the service of his country, was performed by Gen.

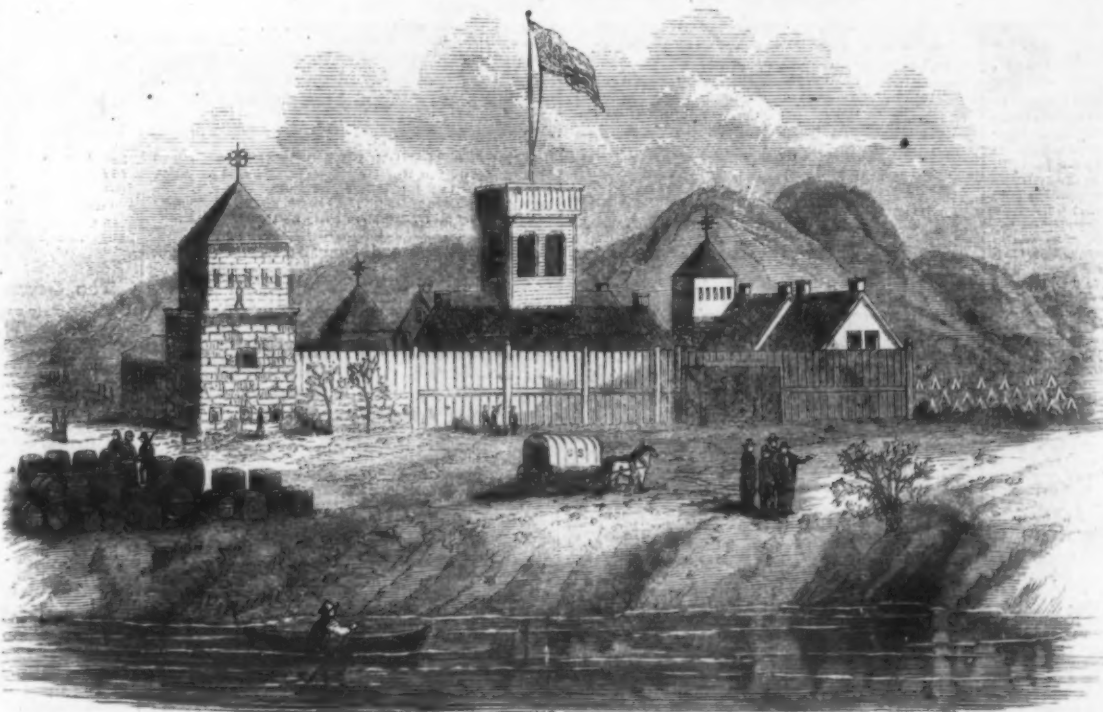
dition, helpless at children, and suffering all the physical penalties of their new-found independence. They hailed the coming of Gen. Thomas as that of a saviour, and had it rested alone with them, the main difficulty could have been easier overcome. It was the opposition of the white troops that was to be reconciled. Gen.

DEPTHS OF THE SEA.—A French journal says the soundings effected with reference to the new transatlantic cable have enabled comparisons to be made of the different depths of the sea. Gen.

generally speaking, they are not of any great depth in the neighborhood of continents; thus the Baltic, between Germany and Sweden, is only 120 feet deep; and the Adriatic, between Venice and Trieste, 150 feet. The greatest depth of the Channel between France and England does not exceed 300 feet, whilst to the south-west of Ireland, where the sea is open, the depth is more than two thousand feet. The seas to the south of Europe are much deeper than those in the interior. In the narrowest part of the Straits of Gibraltar the depth is only 1,000 feet, while a little more to the east it is 3,000. On the coast of Spain the depth is nearly 6,000 feet. At 280 miles south of Nantucket (south of Cape Cod) no bottom was found at 7,800 feet. The greatest depths of all are to be met with in the Southern Ocean. To the west of the Cape of Good Hope 16,000 feet have been measured, and to the west of St. Helena 27,000 feet. Dr. Young estimates the average depth of the Atlantic at 25,000 feet, and of the Pacific at 20,000.

A MAN in Scotland is said to be building a cotton mill, to be worked by mouse power. He has succeeded in training mice to work in a sort of treadmill, and the net profits of the labor of a single mouse amount to six shillings (or a dollar and a half) per annum. He intends to have ten thousand mouse mills in operation, and, after paying all expenses, expects to realize from \$10,000 to \$12,000 per annum.

THE planet Uranus, which was discovered by Herschel on the 13th of March, 1781, completed its first revolution round the sun on the 13th of August, 1846. It is to say, in 84 years and seven months it came back to that position in the heavens in which it was first seen.



PORT UNION, WASHINGTON TERRITORY, ABODE OF THE ST. LOUIS FUR COMPANY.

On catching my eye, he said with a smile, "It is as well to be right and ready, for no man can say which way such a scheme will turn out. (terrible brutes) may take when put to it," and as I was at the same time holding my stick by the thin end, he furthermore added, "Don't you, however, attempt anything, since all you could do with that stick would be no more to one of these bears than to a wild bull, and only serve to bring mischief on yourself," and he insisted the case of some former Premier like myself, who had joined in this sort of diversion, and who in giving a cudgel blow lost his balance, and was laid open, to use his own homely phrase, "as quickly as a body might split a pea-cod."

I wished the fellow and his story far enough, for I had from my very boyhood a horror, and I may say a mortal fear, of the whole hog species, and had any time sooner confronted a lion or tiger than a savage bear of even the ordinary kind; and yet, in good sooth, here was I gratuitously forming a stop-gap before a whole herd of the wildest and most ferocious class.

Preparatory to action there was, of course, a round of snappers—nothing in the way of venture being done in Germany without this whet—and though I came quite unprovided, my old friend was true to me in my extremity, and never came a whit of *Kissed* more timely to my lips. He moreover took the opportunity of giving me a little final instruction, and pointedly dwelt on the worst, by saying:

"Now mind you bear to my left if there be any dash through on the right, and the reverse, you understand, if menaced from the opposite side," an injunction which I promised strictly to obey, and, involving the precise line of conduct I had already hit on in my own mind, he might assuredly count on its most scrupulous fulfillment.

But a short bugle call from headquarters ended our debate, and this was followed by a *laissez-faire* of some half-a-dozen dogs that went off, all eye, ear, and protruding tongue, right into the cover plot. Some of the jaggers, and no doubt such as constituted the best shots, stepped out of the circle a few paces in advance at the same time.

Old Zieten, with his fierce hussar attendant, could not have issued from the wood more suddenly than a huge bear, with his bristly staff, now did from the cover into which the eager hounds had dashed. Nor could any of our boasted generals cast a more knowing glance or present a more defiant mien, than this porcine chief did, as, with mane erect, the circling foe was surveyed, and then, with a clashing of tusks only to be remembered with a shudder, on he came.

I have no clear recollection as to what immediately followed, but perfectly remember how those eyes of fire bore point blank towards me, and what a rattle of rifles, din of shouts, dog yells, and indescribable sounds burst forth at the very moment I made for my fuleman's support, and in my hurry jumbled over that tree stump, and became immersed in a snow-drift. This served so to complete my bewilderment that, although unmistakable splashes of the brute's very foam and blood were on my shoes when I got up, I could not for my life say in which direction or how he passed me; but, as there was an impression that I had actually been under dental treatment, I felt down both my sides, and examined both legs, inside as well as out, for the satisfaction of those who pressed about me, as well as to clear the matter in my own mind, for, without feeling hurt, they made me fancy that I must have had a slight rip somewhere.

A drop more "kimmel" accomplished the rest, and as the battus was pretty well over, I went to the spot where this fearful monster lay stretched on the frozen ground, with blood oozing from some half-dozen bullet-holes and a gash in the throat, from which the last of the fierce tide of life was slowly ebbing.

The woodman with his axe must have been equally taken aback, for, in place of striking at the right moment, he never struck at all, but flung his formidable weapon after his flying foe, and for aught it had done he might have flung it aside altogether. I heard this as they were laughing at him; whilst I, whose performance had been most laughable of all, seemed to stand well in general estimation as one who had been simply knocked over by the bear, and escaped his tusk miraculously.

They counted eighteen dead, two bears of the first size, which were to be dispatched forthwith to King Ludwig at Munich, three of the second class, four sows, and the rest young fry under six months old.

The main trophy was the very brute that had figured as commander-in-chief and led the charge so desperately in the direction I occupied, and certainly as he there lay dappling his snowy resting-place with blood, a more hideous or a more fiend-like object never met my eyes. The head, from snout to ear point, could not have been much under two feet in length, and in one of the ears was a bullet hole of long standing to settle the point of his being an old campaigner. Indeed the forest feres recognized him as a former acquaintance, who had run the gamut, and probably expected to do so again; but wiser heads get wrong in their calculations, and men fall under them as well as hogs. For the rest, the large main bristles were nearly eight inches long, tucks about seven, and his hoofs almost as strong as a donkey's. Yet there was nothing like the fleshy character of the hog race as we know it, and, with ample framework for sustaining a quarter of a ton, I very much doubt if the entire weight of this finest specimen of the wild hog reached two hundred pounds.

ENGLISH BAKERS.

What is a baker's life? In what is called the London season, and at the high-priced shops, the men begin work at about eleven o'clock at night, when other folk are thinking about going to bed. They are engaged in bread making, with a few short intervals (during which they try to catch forty winks), until seven or eight in the morning: baking the plain loaves, the fancy bread, the rolls, &c., in certain routine. They are then engaged several hours in carrying out bread, with an occasional dose of biscuit baking in the afternoon. If they get six hours' freedom from the shop in the evening for their main supply of sleep, it is about as much as they can reckon upon. Their work during the day, although in the open air, is by no means light, for they have to carry heavy baskets and wheel heavy trucks or barrows. Friday is a harder day than the rest, because they have to provide for nearly two days' consumption; they enter the bakehouse an hour or so earlier than on other evenings, and make a longer night's work of it. Saturday night is the only one on which the poor baker feels himself at liberty to tuck himself comfortably into bed for a good long sleep, like a Christian; he has no back to attend to on that night. His Sunday is not much of a Sunday to him, seeing that he must attend two or three times during the day to prepare the "ferment" and "sponge" for the night's baking—else, as things are now managed, we should have no hot rolls on Monday morning, and no bread at all by Monday evening or so. Bad as this is, the workmen employed by the cheap bakers lead a still harder life. As most of the bread is sold over the counter, there is very little door work to do; the poor drudge hasn't even the pleasure of taking out the basket, which would give him an opportunity to have a little chat with Mary, the nurse-maid, round at No. 4. From Thursday evening till Saturday evening these men almost live in the bakehouse, so great is the work done to supply an ample stock of bread by the time when working men and their families begin to spend the Saturday night's wages. Then, again, working people have baked dinners on Sunday to an extent quite beyond the experience of families in a better station in life; these dinners are baked mostly by the cheap bakers, and add to the Sunday labors of the journeymen and apprentices. In autumn, when gentry folk go out of town, the West-end bakers are more at leisure, and the delivery of bread is ended by two or three o'clock in the afternoon; this gives the men an evening of eight or nine hours duration for amusement and bed. But poor families have no out of town season; the cheap bakers who supply them make about as much bread at one time of the year as another, and the fags in the bakehouse know of no change—except additional heat in summer. The details differ at different times and in different localities; but it is admitted that, in a general way, this is not an over-colored picture of a baker's life.

THE DUBLIN EXHIBITION—THE HIGHEST PRIZE AWARDED TO THE GROVER & BAKER MACHINES.
—On Monday morning Earl Russell announced the awards to the successful exhibitors in the International Exhibition, Dublin, and the prizes were afterwards presented by the Duke of Leinster. Among the exhibitors who obtained medals were the Grover & Baker Sewing Machine Company, Liverpool and London, this being the fifteenth first-class prize gained by these machines this season.—*Liverpool Mercury*.

AGENTS. We would call the attention to the advertisement of Haskins & Co., in another column. They want Agents to sell fine Steel Engravings, and offer great inducements; they are an old established house, and have the reputation of dealing promptly and honestly with their customers. Many of our young men may find it very profitable to employ their spare time in selling for them.

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